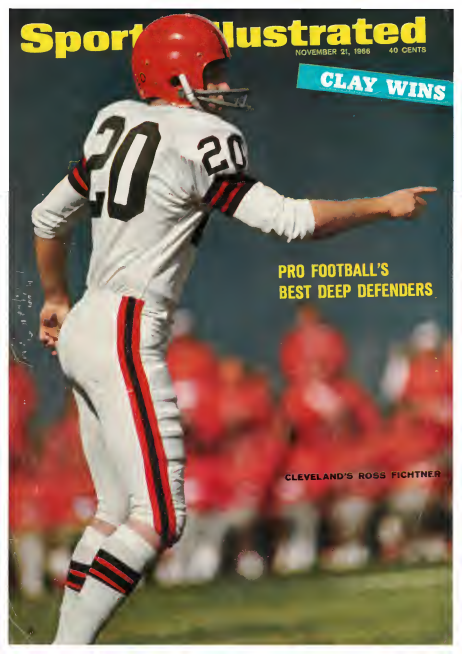


Sport Illustrated



NOVEMBER 21, 1966

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Next week

GAME OF THE YEAR 1966 pitted Michigan State against flamboyant Notre Dame. In action color photographs and text by Dan Jenkins, the battle of the undefeated schools is depicted.

SMASH 'EM HARDER if they smash you is the code that guides stock car racing's newest hero, Bobby Allison, whose emergence into the big time in a hard-boiled sport is related by Kim Chaplin.

BRUISES AND BREAKS occur every Sunday in pro football. Bill Gilbert describes the life of a typical trainer, a man whose job it is to glue the pieces together in time for next Sunday.



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SHOPWALK

If you are troubled with evil spirits
just buy an elephant-hair bracelet

Robert M. Lee never got over his first trip to Africa in 1955. He was so taken with the people and the wildlife that he soon gave up an active role in his successful construction business and began spending six months of every year there. In 1959 he founded Lee Expeditions, Ltd., an agency that plans, outfits and conducts big-game hunting and scientific expeditions all over the world. Each time Lee went on a safari his friends would ask him to bring home skins or anything he might think of interest. He had a lot of friends, so, using them as a cue, he last year opened a mail-order house to sell African trappings and trophies. Many of the items in Lee's 48-page catalog are made of zebra skins. He buys his skins and trophies from professional European hunters. "I have never used native African professionals," he says. "They are unexcelled in tracking ability and have fantastic eyesight, but they just do not have the feel for trophy hunting." Let anyone cry out to the SPCA, Lee is quick to tell you: "Hunters and sportsmen have always been the most ardent conservationists, and I like to think I am both." All his game skins are obtained from licensed hunters who engage in strictly controlled game-cruising programs. Springbok and impala skins are obtained through ranchers who harvest their own large stocks. Leopards and lions are bought from licensed hunters or conservation authorities. Whole zebra skins are available from \$195. A springbok or impala circle of eight skins, about six feet in diameter, costs \$250. Rectangles and single skins are also available. An attractive zebra hassock costs \$100 (in springbok it is \$195), and chairs range from \$42.50 for a triangular safari seat in zebra to \$295 for a zebra-covered butterfly-wing chair with a foldable metal frame. Less expensive gifts are a walnut humidor covered with select zebra skin for \$50, a combination wallet and change purse of leopard or elephant ear for \$20 and, for \$5, a set of three lucky bracelets of elephant-tail hair to ward off evil spirits. Mounted trophy horns are \$350 for buffalo or kudu and \$45 for springbok. Trophy heads have to be specially ordered. The catalog also offers miniature solid-ivory game birds, hand-carved and painted in Japan. A male ruffed grouse is \$70, a ring-necked pheasant \$20. Beautiful leather shell bags, gun cases and racksacks, designed with extra pockets and straps and expandable openings, range from \$55 to \$125. They are handmade in Spain of cowhide, deer-skin and calf.

For the catalog write to Hunting World,
420 East 51st Street, New York, N. Y. 10022.

— FELICIA LEE



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'67 MUSTANG

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A great new camera takes the guesswork out of fine photography!

(New Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic camera measures light precisely for perfectly exposed pictures)

Everybody's got at least one friend who is something of a hot-shot with a camera.

Chances are he dazzles you with a whole roomful of equipment. And he probably goes through some sort of black-magic mental contortions and dial twisting every time he takes a shot. But you've got to admit that his perfectly exposed pictures make yours look pretty drab.

Well, fret no longer, friend. You're just one easy step from joining the photographic elite.

A magnificent new camera is the answer. It's a camera that is simplicity itself to operate. Yet it will never fail to delight you with what it (and you) can do . . . because it has a wealth of professional know-how built right in. It's called the Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic.

Pentax cameras, with their superb optics and brilliant engineering, have long been a favorite of photo hobbyists everywhere. But now the Spotmatic opens up the world of fine photography to every camera fan who can trip a shutter.

The secret is a revolutionary through-the-lens exposure meter system that is both automatic and unerringly precise. It assures you that you'll never again face the disappointment of running or missing one of those exceptional pictures or slides

through over- or underexposure.

It guides you infallibly, within the limits of film and available light, from the simplest situations to the most difficult and challenging conditions: severe backlighting, extreme telephoto, high contrast, low light levels, wild filters, ultra-closeups. And it does it all automatically.

You also save time and film because you can forget about taking extra shots "just to make sure." You are sure on every picture. You are sure of a quality of results simply unattainable by 98% of the cameras in use today, "automatic" or not!

Here's how it works. The Spotmatic's unique cadmium sulfide meter measures the light coming through the *real* aperture of the lens. It reads the light from the *in-focus* image on the ground glass, which corresponds *exactly* to the image at the film plane. (There are cameras, selling for up to \$500, which read the image formed by the lens at full aperture. But these cameras merely *estimate* the light for the actual f/stop you'll be using and are only approximate when compared to the precision of the Spotmatic.)

Fast, foolproof operation. When you load your Spotmatic, you set the film's ASA number (from ASA 20 to 1600) in the

window of the shutter speed dial, automatically calibrating the exposure system. Then you set your shutter speed, focus and flip the meter switch to the "on" position. By turning the diaphragm ring, the meter needle you'll see in the view-finder is centered and you're set to shoot. Without removing your eye from the view-finder (and without engaging in digital contortions), you have made a perfectly exposed picture. It's that simple!

Today, the Spotmatic towers over every other 35mm single-lens reflex camera. It costs \$249.50 with 55mm f/1.8 lens, or \$289.50 with optional 50mm f/1.4 lens. It is, without a doubt, one of the four or five finest cameras in the world.

Who says so? The pros and the dyed-in-the-wool amateurs who started snapping up Spotmatics faster than we could deliver them.

But we were happy to adjust the supply rate. And now your nearest Honeywell Pentax dealer will be glad to explain why he's so excited about this remarkable new camera. Or, for more of the details first, just send us the coupon below.



New Spotmatic has through-the-lens exposure system, costs \$249.50 as shown here, with superb 55mm f/1.8 lens.

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THE SHADOW (CONT.)

Although the AFL has evinced little interest in the fact that some bookies are refusing to take big bets on games involving certain AFL teams (SI, Nov. 14), the NFL is not so unconcerned. Last week William Hundley, the NFL's chief investigator, was nosing around in Houston for two days. Hundley heard conflicting stories, and the investigation is still in progress. Meanwhile, the apprehensive bookies continue to shy away from AFL action; in fact, last week one wouldn't handle anything but the New York-Buffalo game.

THE THIRD WHAT?

Walter J. Dilbeck of Evansville, Ind. is the president of Walter Dilbeck Enterprises, a firm that deals chiefly in Kentucky real estate. Dilbeck lost his Indiana real estate license in 1955. Last year Dilbeck was briefly in the news when he offered to buy the Kansas City A's for \$10 million and was turned down, so Dilbeck is now forming the Global League, which, he says, will be a third major league and will play ball in 1968. Don't laugh. Dilbeck's thinking of forming a fourth league.

At Dilbeck's invitation, representatives from Milwaukee, New York, Phoenix, Evansville, Indianapolis, St. Paul, Cincinnati, Chicago, San Juan and Manila flocked to Evansville last month to hear Dilbeck tell them how they could play in his league by posting \$50,000 for a franchise and a \$1 million performance bond.

Dilbeck said stadiums would be no problem; Memphis and Seattle, among others, were building new ones. Evidently, he didn't know that blueprints call for enlarging Memphis' present ballpark from 2,300 to 7,500 seats and that Seattle voters recently turned down a bond issue for a new stadium. As for players, Lincoln Hackim, president of the American Amateur Baseball Congress, was on hand to say that "amateur players are available," and Mickey Mar-

tin, an Evansville resident who captained Murray State's baseball team last spring, said there are "plenty of players with pro potential in college."

Said Dilbeck: "We can find better players than there are in the major leagues. I'd say there are only 20 or so in each league who would be good enough to play in our league."

Said Vicente Corea of the Philippine consulate in Chicago: "Our people in Manila are very much interested and enthusiastic about your plan. Today we use the butt of a gun to settle differences; perhaps next year, or in two years, we'll swing a baseball bat."

Perhaps In 1958 Dilbeck ran for mayor of Evansville, campaigning on a mule and passing out free barbecue in saloons. He polled 586 votes.

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

This week the Dallas Cowboys are second in the NFL's Eastern Division. Their eminence is not so much attributable to signing All-Americans as it is to culling the overlooked, unappreciated and unwanted—the free agents, 15 of whom are now on the Cowboys' roster. Two regulars, Cornerback Cornell Green and Split End Pete Gent, played basketball in college, while Safety Mike Gaechter was primarily a track man. And Dan Reeves, who is second in the league in scoring, wasn't even picked on the 20th and final round of the draft. What, for example, did Dallas see in Reeves that the other 14 teams didn't? "Just say we're lucky," says Gil Brandt, the Cowboys' scouting director.

Some luck. Brandt and the Cowboys have a system—a \$250,000 computer system that catalogs and analyzes every prospect. In addition, Dallas relies on an intelligence test and a four-hour motivation-and-personality exam—lately shortened to 45 minutes. "The motivation exam is uncanny," says Brandt. "Nine times out of 10 it will accurately predict which player will drop out or be dropped because he lacks the drive

or toughness to compete in the big league. Some of the hardest-nosed prospects have failed to fool the test. I frequently disagree with its findings, but you can't argue with accuracy."

Dallas has further discovered that a football player is most likely to succeed in the pros if his IQ is between 90 and 124. If it's below 90 a player is just not sharp enough to master the intricacies of the game, and if it is above 124, the player is apt to be too inclined to think for himself, to be overly creative.

We suppose the exception proves the rule: St. Louis is first in the Eastern Division, thanks to Charley Johnson, who has an IQ of "over 137," and Cleveland is third, ditto to Frank Ryan, whose IQ is 155.

SUPERDUCK

According to John McKay of USC, the reason Alabama does so well in football is that Bear Bryant has got his players believing there's no way they can lose. "Bryant exudes confidence," says McKay. "We went duck hunting last year when I was down in Alabama for a coaching clinic, and Bear says, 'I'm the



greatest shot in the world.' Well, we're sitting in the blind and one lone duck flies overhead. Bryant aims and fires, and the duck keeps right on flying."

"John," says Bryant, "you're witnessing a miracle. There flies a dead duck."

SUPERTEAM

One week from now the annual baseball draft will be held in the ballroom of the Beasley-Deshler Hotel (where else?) in Columbus, Ohio. Of late, the draft has been notable for 1) Ralph Houk's selection of Duke Carmel from the

continued

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Army



Mets, and 2) Baltimore's pick of Moe Drabowsky from Kansas City.

This year's draft list has 3,468 names on it, among them two Shorts and a Long, two Smalls and a Little, an Orange, a Lemon and a Bonnano.

What's more, for less than \$400,000, one can own the nucleus of one of the most individualistic teams of modern times. First Baseman Jim Gentile, who once hit back-to-back grand-slam homers and was rewarded by the immortal words "Nice goin'!" from Manager Paul Richards, can be had for \$25,000. Second Baseman Larry Burright, who was traded from the Dodgers to the Mets and went AWOL, is all yours for \$8,000. Shortstop Nate Oliver goes for \$25,000; Nate also has the best singing voice in baseball. Third Baseman Steve Boros, one of sport's most prodigious readers, may be drafted for \$25,000. It was once said of Boros, "He'll be the first man in history to read himself right out of the game." Choo-Choo Coleman has a price tag of \$25,000, too, and Cavy Stengel once described Coleman as "the best low-ball catcher in the game and I use him to keep the balls from bouncing up into the press box."

Bo Belmsky is available, as is John Pregener, the onetime Giant pitcher who has a fan club "To Make This A Better World For John Pregener To Pitch In." Bill Faut, who claims he pitches best when hypnotized, costs \$25,000. Tracy Stallard, the former Red Sox, Met and Card, is on the list, and Tracy is the man who gave up Roger Maris' 61st home run and said "I'm sure it won't be the last one I'll give up."

Although we doubt that many of these characters will be picked, it should be recalled that back in 1961 the Houston Colt .45s paid \$425,000 for Al Horst, Dick Gemert, Don Tausig, Al Spangler and Dick Drott.

DOWN WITH THE QUEEN

A giant portrait of Queen Elizabeth II that had adorned Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens for 13 years has been taken down, and in its place is a balcony filled with 700 season-ticket holders.

Such an act of lese majeste would never have occurred if Conn Smythe, 71, still owned the Gardens, but he sold out in 1961 to Harold Ballard, John Bassett and his son, Stafford Smythe, who are more interested in increasing revenue than in maintaining a shrine.

A year ago, when the Red Ensign was struck from the Gardens and replaced by the new Canadian maple leaf flag, the elder Smythe refused to recognize it; and last March, when the Gardens offered its facilities for a Cassius Clay-Ernie Terrell fight (which never came off), Smythe disposed of nearly all his remaining stock, observing that the building had been used for a lot of things but never as a garbage dump.

The new management has tried to entice Smythe back by erecting a special box, where he could view hockey games in regal solemnity. He could even have a portrait of the Queen wrapped in a Red Ensign hanging on the wall. So far Conn Smythe has not seen fit to dignify the accommodations by his presence.

SEQUITUR

Arizona State has a quarterback named Rick Shaw, so the fans are demanding that the coach put in the slant I offense.

PAYOFF

Jim Kaat, who publicly criticized Sam Mele for firing Coaches John Sain and Hal Naragon (SI, Oct. 17), signed his 1967 contract for about \$50,000, making him the highest-paid pitcher in the history of the Minnesota Twins, and, for that matter, its predecessors, the old Washington Senators. The moral seems to be that it pays to tell your boss how to run his business. However, we wouldn't recommend it unless you're 25-13.

HAMDAN, THE THANKFUL

When, about 20 years ago, King Farouk was offered \$122,100 for Hamdan, an Arabian stallion, he indignantly refused to part with him at any price. Last month Hamdan—meaning the thankful—who is perhaps the finest stallion in Egyptian history, was sold to the Cairo zoo for \$1.25 as lion food.

Now 30, Hamdan had been standing at stud, but six months ago the stud farm was sequestered and the horses were neglected. On October 13 the sequester general ordered Hamdan, along with two dead and two other dying horses, trucked to the zoo.

The farm's former veterinarian was the first to hear about it, and that night telephones rang throughout Cairo: "Hamdan has been sold to the zoo! He is to be destroyed tomorrow!" Once the zoo officials learned that the skin and bones were none other than Hamdan,

continued



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SCORECARD

they delayed the destruction order to allow a group of Arabian horse lovers to contact the sequester general. Hamdan was moved to the only available zoo stables, which were built for Shetland ponies. His great, fleshless bones loomed above his stall and his appearance was pitiful: someone had clipped his flowing tail and mane for a fly whisk. Yet the stallion hoarsely neighed at the little Shetland mares. Released from his stall, he joined a camel in the paddock and trotted in remembered circles. The elephant attendants, the camel attendant and the pony attendant brushed him, rubbed him, exercised him—and fed him.

The sequester general finally agreed to sell Hamdan to his fans for \$100, and on October 23, 80 pounds heavier, he walked out of the gates onto the Cairo streets. It took him 30 minutes to cover the two miles to his new stable in Giza. He is still weak, but his heart is strong. As belittling a great stud, he requires two men to hold him down when walked, and his action on the longe is fluid and light, with the balanced springiness that typifies the Arabian horse.

Now all Hamdan needs is an artificial tail.

FREE WHEELING

Student anarchists at Oxford in England have painted 20 bicycles white and are leaving them about for anyone to ride.

Explains John Birtwhistle, 20, who asks not to be called the head anarchist, since anarchists don't have leaders. "Many students ride off on other people's bikes and the bikes get lost. With the white bicycles this should stop. You can just get on and ride, leaving the bike for someone else when you have finished. It's attractive to anarchists because it's attractive to many other people and they may think about the bicycles and then begin to question the present idea of private property."

THEY SAID IT

• Danny Abbott, Texas sophomore guard, explaining how outdated his upper-class teammates are: "Why, some of the fifth-year players still do the twist."

• Joan Haiman, Goucher College student who interpreted for the Russians at Laurel's International, on Nikolai Navibov, the Russian jockey: "He has a favorite expression in English. He stands at the tail watching a horse go by and yells, 'Come on, baby!'"

END



wrap, wrap

who's there

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THE MASSACRE

Talk was big before the fight, but all of the action was Muhammad Ali's. Hitting Cleveland Williams with either hand as often as he liked, the champion was so much in charge that the world title bout in Houston was no contest

by **MARTIN KANE**

Clay smashes a ferocious right hand to the jaw of the ex-but-defenseless challenger.

SON WERROCK

CONTINUED

Before the fight the heavyweight champion, Muhammad Ali, also known as Cassius Clay, had talked mosey of retirement, of trouble with his hands and his back, of weariness of soul and body and of a wish to dedicate himself hereafter to the Black Muslim ministry on a full-time basis. He had conceded that his challenger, Cleveland Williams, the Big Cat from Yoakum, Texas, was the "most dangerous opponent" he had ever faced, but he also had gone through the customary routine of poeey and defiance.

"I beat the Bear [Sonny Liston] and the Hare [Floyd Patterson]," he said, "and I'll beat the Pussyeat [Williams]." But he also said, "I'm not announcing anything, but after Williams and [Ernie] Terrell I would like to retire with money in the bank."

It was this incessant theme of the possibility, even probability, of early retirement that made this heavyweight fight an occasion for tension. Few champions ever have talked so much, so earnestly, of their wish to retire.

And what happened, of course, was that the wily Muhammad, fighting in the magnificent confines of Houston's Astrodome before a crowd of 35,460—the largest ever to witness a prizefight indoors—was working his word magic once again, building up the fight, creating wild dreams of riches in his challenger's camp, and all the while planning to do as he always has done—to stay out of trouble at all times. He did it magnificently. In the third round Referee Harry Kessler stopped the fight. By that time Williams was clearly helpless. He had been down three times in the second round, had begun to spit blood in the third, was knocked down once more before even the first minute had passed, and then endured a dreadful barrage that had some of the crowd howling for the fight to be stopped, even though Williams is a favorite son of Texas. The end came at one minute and eight seconds of that third round. Not once during the seven minutes of fighting had Williams shown that he still could deliver the big punch that made him a threat to be avoided throughout his career.

Williams really never had much chance. Muhammad Ali, circling and snapping out his nuisance jab, is about as easy to hit as a wraith, and Williams'

slow, plodding advance was exactly to Ali's liking. The champion flitted about the ring on what must be the fastest legs a heavyweight ever enjoyed and all the time his left hand was flicking out, peppering Williams' face, poking at his bullet-riddled belly. And, from time to time, Ali avoided a weak effort from Williams' left.

Picking the crowd's favorite in this fight was no problem. Williams was greeted with a roar of applause when he strode down the aisle in his black robe. Ali was received with a roar of hons, intermixed with a very few cheers that could scarcely be heard. The champion prayed, Muslim-style, before the bell, his head bowed and hands joined before him. Williams had done his praying in the dressing room.

There was good reason for Cleve Williams to pray. Two years ago he was shot through the abdomen with a .357 magnum bullet from a policeman's revolver and he survived only after four operations and highly skilled surgery. Tonight was, so to speak, his resurrection as a fighter. Alas, it seems also to have been the end as well.

"He died with his boots on," said Hugh Benbow, Williams' manager, after it was over, "and I'll never let him fight again."

Williams began in the first round with a few futile efforts to reach Ali with hooks and jabs, but they landed against a fading target. The first solid punch of the fight was the champion's right hand to the head, and thereafter he began to display his expertise with full confidence that nothing that Williams could deliver would damage him. He scored almost at will, with jabs, hooks and a four-punch combination. He circled the ring at a pace that Williams simply could not match.

That was the first round, and Williams was lucky to survive it. But it was the second that told the story. The round brought disaster to the Big Cat. A fully confident Ali began to show off a bit, his handsome face alight with the realization that he was the thorough master of the situation. Although he encountered a succession of Williams' jabs, and even a right uppercut, Ali was landing his lefts and rights with power,

Then, so suddenly that the crowd was stunned into a momentary silence, Williams went down from a left-right com-

bination. He rose quickly and took a mandatory count of eight but resumed his fighting stance with a stunned look on his well-pummelled features. A thundering, withering barrage put him down again. But he came up, this time with blood streaming from his nose and mouth. He wasn't up long. Clay closed savagely, punching hard with well-set combinations. For the third time Williams crashed to the canvas. Before he could be counted out the bell rang.

The standard rule that declares it a K.O. if a fighter is knocked down three times within a round was waived for this championship fight. That is the only reason the match was permitted to continue into the third round, for there was not much point to it anymore. But the bell rang again and Williams and Ali rose from their stools to face each other once more.

For fleeting moments Williams had the crowd roaring encouragement. He came out of his corner on the attack, his hair awry, his fists flailing, only to find that he had no hope of reaching Ali. The champion met his onslaught with a right to the head, followed by a left and still another right. Ali repeated this combination with almost insistent ease, and then floored Williams with a hard left hook. The Cat arose with blood streaming from his mouth. Manfully and uselessly, he plodded once more into a forest of fists, one of which twisted him around so that his back was toward Ali. The champion bashed him with a left, a right, a left and then a right to his head, and, as Williams floundered about the ring, Referee Kessler stepped in and stopped it.

It was a sad night indeed for Williams' many followers in the Astrodome. They had seen him when he was as gallant as they knew him to be, but Monday night they saw him as a man who was no match at all for the brilliance of fist and foot that Champion Ali displayed. A Negro woman in a tight pink dress sobbed her way to the exits. "He went down fighting," she said. "I don't care what you say. He went down fighting." Her husband, carrying a pennant that proclaimed his allegiance to mu. cat, flicked it disconsolately against her cheek. "Shut up," he said. "Shut up."

Williams recovered rather more quickly than some of his fans. He laughed,

HERB SCHARFMAN

giggled and joked, not always relevantly, as he moved slowly toward his dressing room with a girl on each arm—his wife, Irene, and the wife of his trainer, Perry Payne.

"When he hit me with that right in the first round," he said, "I just didn't remember a thing." But then he thought about it some more and concluded: "Ah, he just shook me up a little. He caught me before I could get started. I surprised myself. I dropped my left hand when I shouldn't have."

To Champion Ali, his weight was "the key" to the fight. At the noon weigh-in he stepped onto the scales at a surprising 212½ pounds to Williams' 210½. Ali had weighed 202 pounds against Henry Cooper in London and 203 against Karl Mildenberger in Frankfurt, Germany.

"I wanted to be speedy," he claimed. "And also to be able to hit hard. And I did. But I could not keep it up. I was tired by the end of the fight."

"An ordinary fighter," he added as a

characteristic afterthought, "would have been exhausted."

What was exhausted, really, was the number of fighters Ali can hope to meet with some prospect that any of them can make a match of it. His next opponent would appear to be Ernie Terrell, a muveian who has been declared to be heavyweight champion of the world by the World Boxing Association. Terrell managed to get his jazz combo an engagement in Houston for the fight and he was in the audience with a hungry look. After the fight he made his way to Ali's dressing room and, at the request of a photographer, stepped close to the champion. Without warning, Ali jabbed him—not too playfully. An angry Terrell was grabbed in time to prevent an unprofitable ruckus. It did not appear to be the usual horseplay associated with the champion.

The attendance, in an arena that can hold 66,000 for prizefights, was somewhat less than had been anticipated, but by no means meager. It surpassed by

far the 23,306 who saw Henry Armstrong knocked out by Fritzie Zieve at Madison Square Garden in 1941 when they fought for the world welterweight championship. Until this week that had been the all-time indoor attendance record.

The bout in Houston may have earned another distinction—that of being watched by more fans than any prizefight before. It was seen, either directly or on delayed tape, in 46 foreign countries and it was shown on closed-circuit television at 125 locations in the U.S.

What millions learned was that Champion Muhammad Ali really does carry a substantial punch, and what they did not learn was whether Cleveland Williams, who at 33 is soon to be forgotten, ever had a true chance. He was bewildered so immediately by Ali's attack resembling a band of Indians circling a wagon train and shooting flaming arrows into it—that he never did settle down long enough to throw the big one.

He will never have the opportunity again.

END

Boldly converted to fists is the punching power of Muhammad Ali. Williams sprawls on the canvas, his heavyweight future behind him.



IT'S TIME TO BRING ON THE DOGS

Georgia Tech, a team with more desire than ability, is enjoying an undefeated season but not the undivided loyalty of Georgians, at least half of whom will root for the Bulldogs when the two teams meet

by DAN JENKINS

Old Syrup Mouth over at the North Avenue Trade School has his most favorite team ever, and nobody has beaten it, but folks just won't let him up. They say he's retiring, they say he's dodging The Bear, they say he hasn't really played anybody, and they say you wait until he goes over between the hedges in Athens to meet the Dogs—that'll fix Old Syrup Mouth's yard peas. That'll take care of old Bobby Dodd and Georgia Tech.

Well, maybe so, but right now Bobby Dodd, the gentleman coach, is up there with a 9-0 record just as he was back in the glory days of the 1950s, and Georgia Tech is going to a major bowl, and regardless of what happens against the Georgia Bulldogs in two weeks, the season has been a success. Even more important to Dodd is the fact that this team has done it all on pride and guts, seeing as how it is not, he says, entirely broken out with ability.

Last Saturday was a particularly joyful one for the Tech coach because the easy 21-0 victory over Penn State in sunny Atlanta's Grant Field came at a most opportune time. It was the day after his 58th birthday, on Tech homecoming, and it assured him of nine wins for the first time in 31 seasons. It also left him among the live unbeaten major teams in the country and probably put him in the Orange Bowl, which is in Florida, where he has liked to recruit lately. As for Georgia, Dodd would prefer to be 10-0, but 9-1 is a magic figure, too, and that's in the cupboard.

"Now I can say this is my favorite of all teams," said Bobby. "It doesn't have the ability of the 1951 or 1952 teams, or even the 1956 team. Not as many athletes. But it has something special—the big-play quality. We've sure made some big plays when they counted."

Atlanta is populated by two kinds of people, mainly. There are Dogs, which

are the University of Georgia folk, and there are the supporters of the North Avenue Trade School, which is not the kindest name for Tech but is one that sure tackles Georgia. It is the Dogs who also call the Tech coach Old Syrup Mouth and Mister Sweet Talk, chiefly because of the protective local press he gets and his unmatched talent for explaining losses soothingly. And it is the Dogs who say that big plays don't matter so much when they come against the kind of opponents Tech has movably played—Clemson, Duke, Virginia and such heavyweights as that.

But Dodd, after all these years at Tech, is accustomed to criticism from the Bulldogs. Athens is only 70 miles away, as the darts fly. He has heard it all before—that his teams don't work hard, that his offense is as predictable as fried chicken on Sunday: first down, run, second down, pass and third down, quick kick. He is also accustomed to criticism from Alabama, which started the retirement rumor (unfounded) and Auburn—two places that even the Dogs join Tech in hating.

The big rumble in Atlanta last week as Dodd tried to prepare for Penn State was a minor duel of words between Georgia Tech and Alabama about who was trying to avoid whom in the postseason bowls. Since Dodd dropped Bear Bryant and Alabama from his regular-season schedule after 1964, there was reason for a lot of fans to think Tech would avoid the Tide in a bowl game if at all possible.

To clear that up, Dodd mentioned one day last week that Tech would "play anybody." It will meet Notre Dame eight of the next nine years, which is pretty good proof. He also said that if Tech met Alabama, the Tide would have the most prestige to lose since it would be favored and Tech could win, possibly. This was all misinterpreted by newspapermen in two states, and it came out sounding as

though Dodd was accusing Alabama of being frightened of Tech, which is silly but nonetheless led Tech's students to paint a sign on the campus that read, "Bear's scared but Dodd's not," and to begin a chant during the Penn State game that went, "We want Bear."

Generally, people who say "We want Bear" do not have to suit up and play him. Bobby Dodd was perfectly honest about this later on.

"I don't know why other teams would want to play the other," he said. "You don't really go around looking for folks who might beat you. We're not a No. 1 team. I think probably that Notre Dame, Michigan State, Alabama and Arkansas are all stronger than we are. But I love this team, and they've done quite a job."

It is a crazy patchwork of a team that Georgia Tech has. It is a grand mixture of players from 11 different states, of a host of married guys, of baseball players, of preachers, of a lot of fullbacks playing defense, of a golf champion for a place-kicker, a basketball forward filling in presently at quarterback—and all of them light, quick and peppy.

The most notable Tech player is Tailback Lenny Snow, a junior from Florida who never says a word except when he's making a talk for the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. He has gained almost 700 yards and scored 12 touchdowns with a lunging, diving style of running, all of which will land him in a top All-America team. This will make of him the second All-America tailback Dodd has had (Leon Hardman was the first in 1952) and his best runner ever.

"We don't have much up front, and Lenny has certainly backed out the yardage," said Dodd. Snow hacks, but he also squirts with shifty moves and deceptive speed. Early in the season Snow represented half of Tech's offense.

The other half was taken care of by Quarterback Kim King, a left-handed

junior from Atlanta who has become the best combination of runner-passer Dodd ever coached. After a fabulous start, King broke his right hand against Tulane and missed three games. But he will be ready for Georgia and the bowl game thereafter.

Kim King is a thin, handsome blond-haired young man, extremely personable, who looks and acts more like the quarterback's best friend than the quarterback. When he got hurt, Dodd had to fill in with Larry Good, a junior best regarded for his basketball ability. Good runs well enough (he gained 92 yards against Penn State), but his throwing leaves Tech yearning for Kim King to take off his cast. Had Good been able to see the receivers as well as King does, the score would have been much worse against Penn State.

On defense, Tech has ex-fullbacks playing ends and at linebacker on a quick 4-3-4 alignment that keeps the enemy unsure and guessing. It is called the "Wrecker" defense, and it is very different from other teams' defenses. Anyone is likely to rush, even the deep backs, and no one ever can be sure where the Wrecker, a runnaging linebacker named Giles Smith, is likely to be. Against such tactics, slower Penn State almost never crossed midfield.

Where Smith is not, Linchbacker W.J. Blane is. Blane has made crucial interceptions and fumble recoveries all season long, and Dodd says, "He's the kind of player who won't make anybody's All-America, but he's a big reason we're where we are."

In the 6-3 squeaker over Tennessee—the one team Tech has played, say the Dogs—Blane intercepted two passes of immense importance. One stopped a Tennessee drive and the other set up Bunky Henry's 41-yard field goal that proved the difference. Bunky Henry is one of the best golfers who ever played football. Henry has kicked 71 of 73 extra points for Tech during his career and 10 of 20 field goals. As a golfer he has won the Canadian Amateur, the Southern Amateur, the Georgia State Amateur and has played in the Masters.

All of these unlikely players add up to the current miracle of Atlanta. And with Old Syrup Mouth back on top, who needs a governor?

END



Everybody signals as Larry Good spurns safety in end zone with Tech's first score

THE FRENCH AND THE PHIPPSSES

They were the champions of international and U. S. racing before last weekend's two big events. When Behistoun won handily at Laurel and Successor took a laughter in Jersey their titles appeared mighty secure **by WHITNEY TOWER**

Near the end of a long, long season that at times became tedious because its quality was diluted, racing last week offered back-to-back attractions of both worldwide and national significance. On Friday, in the 15th running of the Washington, D.C. International at Laurel, Md., France once again proved that she produces almost unbeatable turf distance runners. Alec Weissweiler's Behistoun ran away from nine rivals (including the two best Americans, Assagai and Tom Rolfe) at the end of the classic mile and a half. Twenty-four hours later, at New Jersey's Garden State Park, the 2-year-old championship was settled. Successor, who is owned, curiously enough, by some people named Phipps, swamped 11 other colts in the slop to become an early winter hook favorite—along with some other Phipps horses, of course—for the 1967 Kentucky Derby.

It was a rousing weekend of top sport, marred only slightly by the Jersey rains that followed an ideal Indian summer afternoon in Maryland. International horse racing is no longer a yawn-producing cocktail-conversation topic to be indulged in by members of the world's Jockey Clubs. It is a reality, a going concern, and is headed for a busy future. Its growth has been nurtured by such obvious factors as faster and more efficient jet cargo transportation and a signifi-

cant increase in French, English and Irish major stakes purse distribution. And it assumes greater importance in this country as our tracks turn more and more to grass racing and Promoter John Schapiro continues to attract some exceptionally fine runners for his \$150,000 race at Laurel.

Last week's International was a true spectacular on several counts. For one thing, after the first 14 runnings the score stood all even: seven U.S. victories and seven for the invaders, four achieved by the French. For another, this race brought together most of the world's leading jockeys to test their skills over a tight and tricky 12-furlong rouse. Only Braulio Baeza, who was to have his moment of glory the following afternoon, was missing as the little men paraded to the infield paddock to mount the International field. There was Bill Shoemaker, riding popular Tom Rolfe. Milo Valenzuela, a winner at Laurel on Kelso in 1964, was back again, this time aboard the Canadian challenger, George Royal. Lesar Piggott, the leading rider in England, flew in from his way to a Nassau vacation with one suit and a pair of shoes with holes in them) to guide David Jack. Back for his eighth ride in the International was Russia's "master jockey" Nikolai Nasilov, aboard Amiline. From France came the amazingly

successful Yves Saint-Martin, premier jockey for Champion Trainer François Mathet, who was sending out the gray colt Silver Shark in the green-and-red silks of Prince Karim Aga Khan. And last—but not for long—was 31-year-old Jean Deforge, considered the second best rider in France, the winner of the International a year ago on Diatome. It was Deforge's first ride on Behistoun, who had finished a fast-closing fifth in the 24-horse field of last month's Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe.

"The owner and trainer of Behistoun came to me after the Arc," said Deforge, whose broad, handsome face is slightly scarred as the result of an automobile accident several years ago. "They asked me to go back to Laurel with their horse. They pointed out that, in the Arc, Behistoun, a very late runner, had to come from way back and try to get by 23 horses to win. He nearly made it, though he got into some trouble. Still, he lost by only four and a half lengths. So they figured that in a smaller field at Laurel, and with a jockey who knew the course as I did, they had a chance to win, no matter what the opposition."

Deforge's reasoning was perfect, and he achieved his second straight International victory with a dramatic run that astonished and thrilled the crowd of 30,843. The favorite, justifiably, *continued*

Jockey Jean Deforge's loose rein was all the prompting that Behistoun needed to overtake Anisee in the stretch and was going away.



A photograph featuring a person in the foreground wearing a dark racing helmet with a headlight and a yellow racing suit. In the background, another person is seen from behind, wearing a yellow racing suit with white stripes on the collar. The text "THE GARDEN STATE 1986" is overlaid in large, bold, black letters on the right side of the image. The person in the foreground is holding a large bouquet of yellow flowers.

**THE
GARDEN
STATE
1986**

was Charlie Engelhard's 3-year-old, Assagat, winner of eight of his last 11 starts and six of his seven races over grass. Tom Rolfe, the other U.S. entry, had tailed off noticeably in recent weeks. A fortnight before the International "he was life and death to beat ordinary horses," said Shoemaker. "He didn't look good enough to win a stakes, certainly not in this sort of competition."

The question-mark horses in the field were George Royal, Silver Shark and Aniline. George Royal was fourth in the International last year, beaten only a shade more than a length by the trio of Prince, Carvin and Roman Brother. Daimé Karim's Silver Shark, many believed, would not even be in America unless Trainer Mathet thought he had a chance to win. The young Aga Khan made his first trip to Laurel to see the race and, as he hobbled about with a cane, still recuperating from a fall three months ago, he explained why Mathet was not present. "He's busy racing in Paris, you know, and besides, he wasn't here the only other time he won. Maybe this is a good omen, no?"

As things turned out, it wasn't a particularly good omen. Mathet should have kept his colt out of the International, just as he had withheld him from the Arc. Russia's Aniline was something else. He had been immensely popular here two years ago, as Jockey Navebov has been since his first appearance in this country in 1958, when he wrapped up his riding gear in old newspapers before walking back across the infield after the race. Aniline added to his stature in 1965 by finishing fifth in the Arc de Triomphe, some five lengths ahead of sixth-place Tom Rolfe. Since then he had won all six of his starts, including two victories in the mile-and-a-half Preis von Europa in Cologne.

Two other invitees, Brazil's Folio and Venezuela's Socopo, were under silks more or less as window dressing. They looked handsome, but finished as expected: ninth and tenth. Ahead of them was England's David Jack, who had acted up in the paddock and on the way to the post and ultimately gave up after running a decent 10 furlongs. "He just can't get the trip. It's too far for him," conceded Jockey Lesker Piggott later. At the wire with him was George Royal, who ran with a troubled ankle.

From the moment Starter Eddie Blind sprang the gate it was Aniline who took control of the race. The grass was somewhat yielding after Thursday's rain, spoiling any chance for Tom Rolfe, who likes his running surfaces hard and solid, but Aniline thrived on it, eating up the furlongs with long, powerful strides. Larry Adams tracked him carefully with Assagat about a length and a half away, and none of the others seemed to be in the hunt until the field turned for home. Vasco de Gama, France's third entry, held tenaciously to third place for the early running, while DeLonge had Behistoun back in ninth place after a mile.

But it was in the last quarter of a mile that the drama took place. Navebov, on the lead, kept looking around at Adams and Assagat, and both jockeys were saving their punch for the stretch. While they waited, DeLonge was acting out a script of his own. It could have been called *Gone With the Wind*. With a quarter of a mile to go, when he was in seventh place and five lengths behind, DeLonge gave Behistoun the "En avant" command, and around the field they came. At the eighth pole they trailed Aniline by two and a half lengths, and Assagat by one. "It wasn't that DeLonge caught the Russian or me sleeping," said a flabbergasted Larry Adams later. "We were both riding all out by then, but the French horse came by us both like lightning and just kept on going. There was nothing either of us could do about it." At the 16th pole Behistoun took the lead, and he increased it to more than two lengths over Aniline before he hit the wire.

Even though Jockey DeLonge insists that Behistoun is inferior to his last year's winner, Diatome, and, in fact, is barely considered to be among the top half a dozen 3-year-olds in France, this latest French victory has far-reaching significance. It may be true that horses accustomed to racing up to and beyond two miles on a difficult course like Longchamp should have the stamina to beat American-breds, who rarely make a career out of distance races. But it is also true that even the English and Irish are having diminishing success against the French. One reason is that French breeders are making careful use of certain strains of U.S. bloodlines—something most English and Irish breeders have long considered beneath their dignity. Behistoun,

for example, is a son of O'Grady, who in turn is a son of American-bred Relic, a grandson of Man o' War. It is partly by blending the blood of such stallions as Relic and Native Dancer with some of their own great stock that the French have been so successful.

In The Garden State, Successor's ridiculously easy three-length victory over George Widener's Bold Hour summed up the 2-year-old year, and the championship was decided as it should be—on the track instead of at the ballot box. Those two fine colts had stood out for much of the season, along with In Reality and Dr. Lager. When the latter retired for the remainder of the year, it became obvious that if one of the other three won The Garden State he would deserve the title.

Successor's triumph was hardly surprising. He is a full brother to former champion Bold Lad, is 4 for 9 on the season and should improve on this record as a 3-year-old. In The Garden State, Braulin Raza kept him back in fifth place for much of the early running while John Rotz set out to steal the whole pot (\$188,475 to the winner) with Bold Hour. "With all the mud and slop," said Rotz, "we thought we'd put him on the lead and hope he'd last it. And until the head of the stretch I thought we had it, too."

In Reality stayed close to Bold Hour until the eighth pole in this mile-and-a-half splash. When they turned for home Rotz took Bold Hour out from the rail and into better going, while In Reality stayed in close. Behind them Raza drove Successor outside of Jovial Boy and Dawn Glory (an international invader from Puerto Rico) and then neatly broke through them in Reality and Bold Hour to win going away in 1:44½. Bold Hour, three lengths behind, was six ahead of Proviso, who came with a rush from dead last to beat out In Reality by three-quarters of a length.

Successor will have much to say about the 1967 classics, but the Phipps stable is so loaded, with both first-stringers and a bench, that Trainer Eddie Neloy announced after the race that Successor will not run again until late March. He will miss Hialeah's traditional Flamingo, "Our big Hialeah horse," Neloy said, "will be Great Power and Bold Monarch." The way things are going for the Phippes, that could be enough. END

Flying mud forgotten, Braulin Raza cheerfully places a mum from the winner's wreath after riding Successor to the 2-year-old championship.



Against a backdrop of arid hills, Stardust Raceway snakes across the desert near Las Vegas. Start/finish is near square patch at upper right.

DRY CRUCIBLE FOR THE HOT ONES

Britain's John Surtees whirled away with the Canadian-American sports car title in the Las Vegas wasteland as, alas, the wonderful winged Chaparrals flew apart and the night people missed the action

by BOB OTTUM

Everybody knows life in Las Vegas is tuned to nocturnal high rollers and gaudy shows in the casinos along The Strip—where the customers are the ones wearing tops. The town always plays dead in the cold light of day. But, despite the traditional odds, Las Vegas' hottest action this week was to be found on Sunday afternoon at a wind-whipped snaking racetrack out in the desert.

In two dusty hours while the town slept—except for about 9,500 insomniac racing buffs—33 of the world's leading drivers staged a wild run to settle the \$350,000 Canadian-American Challenge

Cup battle they had started nine weeks and five races before. Minsky's Burlesque and Frank Sinatra notwithstanding, it was the best show in Las Vegas.

By chill sundown, with the casino lights coming back on along the horizon, the fastest of them all was John Surtees, a 32-year-old tourist in town from England. He had come to the Stardust International Raceway with a red-and-white Lola-Chevrolet. He drove it at an average speed of 109.25 mph, and—in a day's quick work—picked up more money than any lucky plunger in the state.

By the time the town got out of bed,

Surtees was on the road out of Nevada with \$19,250 for winning the series, \$7,500 for winning the day's race, more than \$17,000 in tour winnings, roughly \$5,000 more in accessory prizes, and a trophy that proclaimed him the boss driver in a state where there are no speed limits.

Since the series began in Canada in September the lead had switched around agonizingly, and as cars, drivers and crewmen hit Las Vegas in the middle of the week it was clear that they considered the last event to be racing's equivalent of the pro football supergame,

The sponsors had figured the way to draw top talent was to post fat purses—you can't beat money with drivers who have grown tired of eating trophies. The sponsors had been right. The best came running. When word spreads that those crazy North Americans are throwing it around, more will run next year.

There was more than money. The Las Vegas Grand Prix shaped up as though Can-Am Commissioner Stirling Moss had written the script. Apart from the \$58,200 riding on the race, there were six strong men in a showdown for the Can-Am championship. Las Vegas bookies will handicap such questions as your getting a table for Jack Benny's supper show (try 450 to 1), but they would not tackle the six-way Can-Am parlay. "Better get yourself a man-to-man bet somewhere else," coaxed one oldtimer at the Santa Anita Book on Las Vegas Boulevard. "How can anybody figure a finish like this?"

Tied in points for first place were Surtees and California's Phil Hill, both of them former world driving champions. Four other drivers had a chance to win: Mark Donohue, a 28-year-old New York engineer and the surprise of the season; Bruce McLaren of New Zealand; Texas Driver-Designer Jim Hall; and Chris Amon, McLaren's New Zealand teammate. To add a further touch of motorized soap opera, America's Dan Gurney was in a position to tie for the title—providing gasoline fumes overcame all the leaders and they finished seventh or worse.

The first thing everybody did was to lose a ceremonial few dollars on the slot machines. Then they started driving to make those dollars back—driving fiercely and in due course wiping out the track records. Last year Hall set a mark of 110.2 mph for once around the track. By race day the first eight qualifiers were moving faster than that.

Stark and purposeful, the racers averaged 1,800 pounds—about 400 pounds lighter than the GT prototype cars of the Le Mans race—and were outfitted with engines averaging 500 horsepower. With push like this, most of them could loaf along at speeds close to 200 miles an hour on a straight strip of track.

But straight the Stardust course is not. Composed of blind corners and sweeping bends, it has 10 turns and requires adroit shifting and braking. From any viewing point, the cars flickered

through the turns like darting waterbugs.

Some drivers assaulted the track with brute power, others fenced with it delicately. Chief among the power mongers was Gurney, who had put a pile of money into his Lola-Ford. When he unloaded the car people reached out to touch its shiny flanks—respectfully, as they might touch Cassius Clay's hips.

That engine was so full of pizzazz that Gurney's chief mechanic had wrapped it in a special metal girdle to keep it from laying shrapnel on Reno if it flew. But in practice sessions Gurney discovered that he could not use all his power on the tight racecourse and qualified down in ninth starting position.

Those with a more subtle approach were doing better. Surtees was doing all right, but best of all in practice were Hall and Hill, in the winged Chaparrals. Hall brought along two of the wide, white racers, each weighing 1,500 pounds and boasting but 450 hp. It was Hall's notion that stability meant more than pure speed. The idea of adjustable spoiler wings was to keep the cars' tails down and the wheels driving on the straights and to help slow them for turns. Obviously, the wings worked. Some wondered, however, if too much foot on the operating pedal in the cockpit might make the spoiler turn upward, behave like a real airplane wing and put a Chaparral in the vicinity of Omaha. "Not a chance," said Hall. "The wing has a built-in, fail-safe device which keeps it from turning up."

To Hill, who had grown up in traditional cars like Ferraris and who was the first and only American to hold the world championship (for 1961), the Chaparral was the only way to fly.

"Greatest car I ever drove," said Hill. "Took to it right away." But what happens to an old Ferrari driver when he steps on that pedal? "On the curves, you don't feel a thing," said Hill. "It just gets more steady. And on the straightaways, I'll tell you what happens: the damn thing suddenly adds about live miles an hour, that's what happens. It snaps your head back and you go."

By Friday afternoon, when the qualifying trials were over, Hall and Hill had gone faster than anyone else—114.29 and 113.24 mph respectively—to take the lead-off spots on Sunday's starting grid. Qualifying just behind them were Amon at 113.09 mph and Surtees at 112.42 mph. Next came Scotland's Jack-



The winner felt assured on undulating track.

ie Stewart, McLaren, George Follmer and Parnelli Jones. Donohue managed only 14th in his Lola-Chevrolet.

"I'll tell ya," said Parnelli Jones, "anybody could win this race. It's a shame nobody's going to see it. I know a whole gang—I mean, a big, big crowd—of California people came up here to watch. 'We're going up to the race,' they told me, but none of them will ever get to the track. If you went up to any of them at the crap table and said, 'It's time to leave for the track,' they would hit you in the head. Even sex runs second in this town and you can imagine where that puts racing."

Still the crews and racetrack hangers-on that came out made a crowd by themselves. Eighteen hundred people connected in one way or another with the race were registered at the Stardust Hotel. By day they trooped into the arid flats, past sandpits and sagebrush, out among scrapped cars whose skeletons

continued



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THE HOT ONES continued

lay rusting in the sun. On one hulk turned on its side, was painted, WELCOME RACING FANS.

But there was no indication that the best race of the sports car season had touched the steely heart of Las Vegas. One of the drivers, wearing a dapper blue blazer whose embroidered pocket emblem read, "Canadian-American Challenge Cup," stepped up to a gaming table, and one of the high rollers looked him over. "All right, all right," snapped the gambler irritably. "What's your game with that insignia? 'Sailing' Bowling? Golf? Whatever it is, I'll lay you 6 to 5 you lose it, you hum."

Said Jones, who does not gamble now that he can afford it. "That's the way this town is. If one of our drivers lost his car at craps, the man who won it had damn well better be a good driver. Because he'll be in there with the real old high rollers."

Ahead of the drivers Sunday as the race began lay 70 laps around the three-mile course, 210 miles of tight cornering. For Surtees, who wears steel-gray hair and an expression of absolute serenity, the trip out to the track in the morning had to be tougher than the rest of his day. Starting in fourth position, he simply pulled out in front and stayed there, watching pursuers in his rear-view mirror and occasionally nodding icily to his pit men as he passed by.

But for the others, locked in one of racing's wilder struggles, there was a race within a race. Of the 33 starters, only 11 finished—and most of them were coughing irritably and spitting up various shades of mauve smoke at the end. The Chaparrals lay on the sidelines with broken wings, and other favorites had left a trail of mechanical ruins.

Behind Surtees on the first lap came Jim Hall, wing nicely depressed, and a field of challengers. Teammate Hill, who had started with nobody out in front of him, suddenly looked around and discovered he was in the fifth spot.

"It is apparent," the track's running wine commentary noted, "that the Chaparral strategy is to send Hall out as the rabbit with Hill holding a steady pace."

So much for strategy. The only strategic rabbits were the ones that decided to stay off the track. Around came Hill, with his right front fender humped up. He had glanced off another car in the close maneuvering on the corners, then the other Chaparral whirled by, wag-

continued



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ging a faltering wing, and it was clear that if the fail-safe device had managed to keep the car on the ground, nothing was going to keep it in the race. Hill drove into the pits and climbed out.

Altogether it was an afternoon of breaking hardware. Indy's Mario Andretti went out early. Stewart lost a gamble and spun into the dunes. Gurney charged into third spot and began a battle with Jones, but all the horses in Nevada—and Gurney had most of them—couldn't push him ahead. His horses all died on the 37th lap.

"Broken drive shaft," said Gurney, his deep dimples full of oily grime. "I heard it snap, and there was nothing else to do but pull out."

But there was one more element of drama to come. There came Phil Hill, winging—and wobbling—past the Chaparral pit. His wing, too, had broken and was flapping in the wind. But Team Captain Hill, who refused to give up, sent Hill out on the track again—wingless. Hill, driving slowly, finished three laps behind the winner. There was just no stopping Surtees.

When it was all over, seconds behind him was Bruce McLaren. In third place but one lap behind them came Mark Donohue, who had driven as calmly—if not as brashly—as Surtees.

"Well," said Surtees, his expression painted on his face by track grime, "so much for that." He kissed the trophy queen—which is as close as he ever got to any of the girls in the Lido Paris Revue during his stay in town, and drank champagne from a silver trophy bowl.

"The course is not as flat as this desert looks," he said. "In fact, there are some dips and rolls out there that sort of undulate like a ship at sea. At times I could feel my car bottoming on the suspension. At other times I was hanging by my shoulder straps, sort of floating in the cockpit. Almost made me seasick."

But it was worth a little nausea. "This money," he said, "will help us scratch through the winter."

And Parnelli Jones added the final philosophical touch of the day, applying an ancient axiom to a very real situation. "A lot of guys lost a lot of money driving here," he said. "And some of them are pretty broke. You know, Las Vegas is the only town in the world where you can arrive in a \$4,000 car and go home in a \$40,000 bus." **END**

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YEAR OF LARCENY IN THE PROS

A startling number of pro football games have been decided by pass interceptions this season, a fact that is focusing attention on wily defenses—and a bright new star in Cleveland by TEX MAULE

Not long ago, when the Cleveland Browns reasserted their claim to eminence in the East by trouncing the undefeated Dallas Cowboys 30-21, the Cowboys outgained the Browns 257 yards to 159. Then, when the St. Louis Cardinals turned back the Chicago Bears on prime nighttime television to stay in front in the East, the Bears did nearly everything better than the Cards except score.

These were key games in the Eastern championship race, and they had one significant thing in common. In each case the game was won not by the stronger offense but by daredevil defenders: Ross Fichtner, a small, intense and volatile man who plays free safety for the Browns, intercepted three of Don Meredith's Dallas passes. The Cards' Larry Wilson, who is the same size and age (27) as Fichtner and plays the same

position, intercepted three of Bear Quarterback Rudy Bukich's passes and returned one of them for a touchdown.

Although clearly stronger than their opponents, the Cowboys and Bears nevertheless were beaten, and that's what seems to be happening this year in pro football more than ever before. Dramatically in the work of the pass thieves, and more subtly in camouflaged defensive formations, the defenders are catching up with the attackers and giving them hell.

Why is Green Bay up there in the West? Defense. Despite the brilliance of backs like Jim Taylor, Paul Hornung and Eliah Pitis and the superb passing of Quarterback Bart Starr, they have been leading the NFL in only two minor offensive statistics—kickoffs returned for a touchdown and most touchdowns rushing. But they have been rolling along

at the top in nine different categories on defense—and are as brutal to run and pass against that they disdain the fancy stuff other teams are using more and more. The Browns have been ahead in interceptions and the Cowboys in seven categories, including smallest percentage of completions against them. The Cardinals, high in all defensive statistics, and the Browns have the league's leading interceptors in Wilson and Fichtner.

In more than a dozen games so far this season interceptions have either won games outright or provided the impetus for victory. Starting right off in their opener, the Packers scored their first two touchdowns on interceptions by Lee Roy Caffey and Bob Jeter to put their chief rivals, the Colts, in fatal trouble. The next day the Washington Redskins led Cleveland 14-7 at the half, but the Browns intercepted Sonny Jurgensen five times in the second half and Cleveland won the game 38-14. That is the way things have been going all season long. When the Cardinals defeated the Browns in their first game it was a Wilson interception that pulled the Cards up to a 28-28 tie and provided the winning boost. The Cardinals, in turn, were victimized by the Redskins late last month as John Reger intercepted a Charley Johnson pass to set up the winning touchdown in a 26-20 upset.

Over in the AFL, the ball is falling

BATTLING FOR A PASS WITH PHILADELPHIA'S TIMMY BROWN, ST. LOUIS DEFENDER LARRY WILSON GETS ONE HAND ON THE BALL



into a lot of enemy hands, too. The five Joe Namath interceptions in the Jets' loss to Buffalo give you the idea. Even the linebackers are slipping into the spotlight. These large individuals normally are not at their best shadowing swift receivers. In the NFL this year, they are making interceptions at a record rate.

But no one has enjoyed the spotlight's glow more than Cleveland's Fichtner, a 6-foot, 185-pound former Purdue quarterback who spent his first six years in the pros in obscurity. Settled at free safety this season with carte blanche to wheel and steal, he suddenly has become a defensive star. The only reason his name does not appear among the top deep defenders picked by the coaches and listed in the chart on page 40 is that his rivals in the East are supersafeties: Wilson and Washington's Paul Krause. Pronounce his name Ferkner, and remember it if the Browns struggle through to another title. He will deserve much of the credit.

Like most defensive backs, Fichtner disparages his own head and hands and attributes interceptions largely to chance. "They're nice," he says, "but you have to figure they're 80% to 90% luck. The ball was thrown short or long or wide. If everyone on both the offensive and defensive teams do their jobs perfectly, the odds are the ball will be caught."

Back in 1962 Fichtner tied for the

NFL lead in interceptions, and his explanation of that brief prominence is interesting.

"That was my first full year on defense as a starter," he says. "I was really a rookie. I had a lot of gut shots. A rookie, if he is any good, gets interceptions because people pick on him. After a while a defensive back earns respect from the quarterbacks, and they stay away from him. My best year on defense was probably last year, and I only had four interceptions. What you try to establish is a favorable position, so that the quarterback is given no chance to complete his throw."

During the seven years Fichtner has played in the NFL, defenders have become increasingly adroit at foreclosing receiving territory to the quarterbacks. Never have the defenses been better disguised, more varied or less predictable. Norb Hecker, coach of the Atlanta Falcons and a whizom defensive back for the Los Angeles Rams and the Redskins from 1951 through 1957, has been a student of the trend toward greater guile and complexity.

"When I came up to the Rams," he says, "almost every team in the league used a simple zone defense. You put your best athletes on offense. But now we play a lot of man-to-man because the defensive players coming up are bigger and faster and can handle it."

Hecker coached the Packer defensive backs for seven years before going to Atlanta, and it is a measure of the importance attached to defense that the owners of the Atlanta franchise hired a specialist as head coach.

"You'll see a dozen varieties of pass defense during a game now," Hecker says. "Blitzes come from any angle. We have a lot more blitzes here than the Rams had when I came up. We study offenses much more closely than we did then."

Hecker's young team understandably has a leaky defense. "I've got three rookies and a sophomore in there," he says, "and I know it takes at least three or four years for a unit to fit together. The defensive secondary has to do a lot of talking back and forth, and one of those men has to take over and become the deep quarterback. You prefer it to be one of the safeties, like Ed Meador on the Rams or Fichtner on the Browns."

When Fichtner came to Cleveland he was just as puzzled and hesitant as any of Hecker's youngsters are now. He had quarterbacked the McKeesport, Pa. high school team and won the Most Valuable Player award in the western Pennsylvania high school all-star game in 1956. He was the starting quarterback for Purdue for three years, Purdue's most valuable player as a senior and the most valuable player in the 1959 Blue-Gray

forward

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YEAR OF LARGENY continued

game as well as a member of the 1960 college All-Star team. In that single-platoon era he played safety on defense as well as quarterback, and he was drafted fourth by Cleveland in 1960 for his potential as a defensive player.

"I knew I didn't have a good enough arm to be a pro quarterback," he said recently, "but I thought I had a good shot on defense. Then for the first two years I was beside myself. I was thoroughly confused."

Luckily for Fichtner—and probably for the Browns, too—he did not play much at first. The Browns' secondary was set and the coaches had difficulty finding a spot for Ross.

"I played different positions," Fichtner says now, shaking his head sadly at the memory, "and I didn't learn any of them well. It takes all your concentration to learn to play just one position on defense."

"We may have underestimated Ross a bit the first two years," says Howard Brinker, the Cleveland defensive coach. "He played in the college All-Star Game in 1960 and got a late start. When he came to camp he was so eager to make the team he looked a bit awkward. His feet would get tangled, and he even fell down a couple of times."

In the next few years Fichtner played

both safeties and corner back and did reasonably well at every position. He became the regular free safety when the defection of Bernie Parrish to the AFL and an injury to Walter Beach made it necessary to move him there. The loss of Parrish and Beach forced the Browns to admit a rookie into the secondary. The best available, Ernie Kellerman, had operated most of the time at strong safety, so that is where he was placed.

"I feel that free safety is best suited to Ross's talents," Brinker says. "In that spot you are more of a helper instead of having a lot of direct responsibility. Ross gets a good jump on the ball, and he's an opportunist."

Free safety is just about what the name implies—a safety with no specific man to cover in most pass defenses. He is available to help out wherever needed. He may have a zone to cover in some defenses, but much of the time he can roam.

In man-to-man coverage the strong safety—usually the left safety, since most teams are right-handed and line up with their tight end and flanker back on the right side of the offense—must cover the tight end. If, however, he drops back into the corner to protect a deep zone against a pass, then the coverage is at least partially zone. A zone defense is very difficult to throw bombs into; when Cleveland

continued

THE COACHES' BEST

To determine the outstanding deep defenders in each pro football conference, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED took a poll of the men who know them best—the coaches. Here is their verdict.

NFL	EAST	WEST
MIDDLE LINEBACKER	JORDAN, COWBOYS	NITSCHKE, PACKERS
OUTSIDE LINEBACKERS	MOSESTON, BROWNS	WALKER, LIONS
CORNER BACKS	BOWLEY, COWBOYS	WILCOX, 49ERS
FREE SAFETY	GREEN, COWBOYS	ADDERLEY, PACKERS
STRONG SAFETY	LIVINGSTON, COWBOYS	LEBEAU, LIONS
	WILSON, CARDINALS	WOOD, PACKERS
	STOVALL, CARDINALS	LOGAN, COLTS
AFL	EAST	WEST
MIDDLE LINEBACKER	BUONICCONTI, PATRIOTS	HEADRICK, CHIEFS
OUTSIDE LINEBACKERS	STRATTON, BILLS	BELL, CHIEFS
CORNER BACKS	GRANTHAM, JETS	BUNCUM, CHARGERS
FREE SAFETY	BYRO, BILLS	GRAYSON, RAIDERS
STRONG SAFETY	SAMPLE, JETS	WILLIAMSON, CHIEFS
	SAIMES, BILLS	ROBINSON, CHIEFS
	GLICK, OILERS	GRAHAM, CHARGERS

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land scored quickly with a long pass on Green Bay in last year's championship game, the Packers changed from their normal man-to-man coverage and spent most of the rest of the game in a zone.

Many of the Cleveland defenses are a combination of zone and man-to-man, reflecting the growing complexity of pass defense.

"When I took over the defense in 1954 there was more single coverage," Brinker says. "The free safety idea wasn't as popular then, although this had been a basic part of Steve Owen's original umbrella defense in New York. Since then, everyone has changed gradually."

"Then, too, defense depends on personnel. A good example of that is what we call our 'five' defense. The corner backs take the outside people alone—the spread end and the flanker. We have combination man-to-man and zone on the running backs. The free safety is left as a roamer, and many of our interceptions have come off this, including the three Fichtner had against Dallas. In previous years we hesitated to call it, because the corner back's assignments are so difficult it is hard to find a player who can execute them. In Frick Barnes and Mike Howell we feel we have that kind of personnel."

In order to use any of these defenses well, the defensive team must conceal its intentions as long as possible, since such veteran quarterbacks as Johnny Unitas, Bart Starr, Frank Ryan and John Brodie can immediately spot the weakness in a specific defense and take advantage of it. In the never-ending ebb and flow of offense against defense, no defensive edge stands up for long.

"You camouflage," Fichtner says. "You invite the quarterback to attack where you know you're going to have help."

Hecker equates this ability to camouflage with experience.

"That's one reason rookies hurt you," he says. "They are afraid to line up out of position. When you call a defense they play it absolutely straight. But veterans like Willie Wood will challenge the offense. Lots of times when I was at Green Bay, Willie would line up so far out of position you wanted to yell at him to get back where he belonged. But when the ball was snapped he'd be there and the quarterback would find a strength instead of a weakness."

Says Defensive Coach Chuck Drulis of *continued*

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St. Louis. "People are not just sitting in the 4-3 alignment as much as in the past few years. They go into odd alignments, especially with a man over the middle to start with, in order to stop quick traps. From there they may overshift the line to the strong or weak side; that is, if the line shifts to the strong side, the linebackers shift to the weak side, and vice versa.

"This season we came up with a stacked defense, using ends as linebackers—either end first taking a position behind the tackle next to him and then shifting or starting a charge from there. It makes it difficult for the blockers on certain plays and takes some plays entirely away from the offense. We stunt off that formation and the ends may wind up covering on passes, so that if a linebacker blitzes he doesn't have to worry about covering. Of course, we change this every week a little bit."

In an effort to unmask the defenders' intentions, the offensive brains have come up with a new ploy. The once inviolate routes of the pass receivers have been tinkered with so that many of the better catchers in the league have an option—the equivalent of a running back's right to run to daylight regardless of the black-board path.

"Ends like Boyd Dowler or Carroll Dale or Ron Kramer have become experts at reading zone coverage when they come off the line," Hecker says. "If they see the strong safety dropping off, they'll change their pattern to take advantage of zone coverage. And a Starr or a Unates will read the same thing as he is dropping back to pass. But you can see why this takes so much experience. Under the best of circumstances, when your pass blocking is holding up, you get maybe three and a half to four seconds to throw the ball. Now, instead of just running the pattern called in the huddle, the end has to read and change as he heads downfield. The quarterback has to know that the end has picked up the defense and visualize the alternate pattern."

Blitzes, of course, are designed to give the quarterbacks and receivers even less time to react, but they are not an infallible method of destroying a pass attack. Indeed, most good offensive teams welcome the blitz, since it forces the defensive team into man-to-man coverage and uncovers weaknesses against the long pass. The Cowboys' Meredith, for

continued

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instance, has completed some 70', and his passes against the blitz.

Blanton Collier, the Cleveland head coach, feels that a team can go too far in the direction of stunting (varying the charge of the defensive line and line-backers) and blitzing.

"Blitzing is no defensive pounce," he says. "Some teams may use it to hide defensive weaknesses. By the way, some people feel that the blitz is aimed only at the passer. This is not true. Certain types of blitzes can also be used to stop running plays by confusing the blocking and generally disrupting the opposition. But blitzes can be handled. There are pass patterns to lock them."

Collier feels that the defensive line rush is just as important as any blitz, and points to the NFL statistics. Green Bay, leading the Western Division, blitzes only two or three times a game, yet leads the league in dumping the passer. When Willie Davis & Co. go rearing in at the quarterback, the blitz is usually unnecessary.

The Browns themselves blitz more now and use more stunts in the line. The team used to be known as a reading defensive club; the line would try to read the blocks and the takes of the offense before committing itself, but that is no longer true.

Nick Skorich, the line coach, says the new Brown front-line attack is "a controlled charge. You read as you rush. First you charge and control the man in front of you. Then you find the football and get it."

Along with the new idea of line play, the Browns use more stunts in the line than they did before.

"There are numerous variations," Collier says. "We have one in which the tackles cross routes as they rush the passes. This is called an X pattern. Then we might have an X on the strong side with the tackle and end crossing, or a double X with the ends and tackles on both sides crossing."

All of the stunts and blitzes are designed to make the job of men like Fichtner easier by hurrying the passer into hurrying his throw, hopefully before his receivers have completed their patterns.

As the championship struggle tightens, the decisive moments could come in a few desperate races between receivers and daring little men like Cleveland's favorite thief.

END



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One of the last great sprawling plantations of the Deep South is L. B. Meytag's Sedgefields, in Union Springs, Alabama, where the dainty bobwhite quail, not cotton, is king and where hunting is regally reminiscent of the antebellum years by **VIRGINIA KRAFT**

SHOOTING ON MR. BUD'S PLACE



The most popular upland game bird in the country—by a hefty margin—is the bobwhite quail. Each year, from late fall to early spring, more upland hunters go after quail than after any other feathered quarry. But of all the nation's numerous shooters, only a small and select handful are ever fortunate enough to savor quail hunting as it is

pictured here on L. B. Maytag's 14,000-acre Sedgefields Plantation near Union Springs, Ala.

At Sedgefields, quail hunting is more than sport—it is a rite renewed each season with all the pageantry of its antebellum past. The procession of scouts, handlers, grooms and gamekeepers is as vital a part of quail hunting at Sedge-

fields as the hunter himself. Even the dogs perform with the style and enthusiasm of professionals. But the stars of the drama are the quail, and at Sedgefields they literally make up a cast of thousands.

continued

GEORGE III releases a brace of dogs that are soon away, eager for the scent of quail.





"Quail are our business," Sedgefields' manager for the past three decades, George L. Harden Jr., told me when I visited the plantation. "They're a crop just like cotton or corn or potatoes, but here they're our only crop. Everything else we grow, everything else we do to improve the land, that's all for the quail. We're in the business of raising birds, and you might say we're the best in the business."

You might also say that this is not accidental. The production of birds at Sedgefields is as conscientiously and creatively managed as the production of washing machines at the Maytag plant in Iowa. The plantation employs some 25 people, many of whom are the second or third generation born on the land. Each year well over 200 miles are planted with sesbania, lespedeza, corn and other bobwhite foods to supplement the natural broom sedge and fennel that grow in profusion everywhere. The plantation's thousands of acres of carefully rotated cover, interlaced with patches of pines, hardwoods and hundreds of creeks and streams, provide exactly the protection and habitat quail need to prosper.

Quail populations are usually figured in terms of birds per acre, a purely statistical measure since single quail rarely stray far from their brethren, preferring to congregate in groups of a dozen to 20. However, the covey customarily remains within a fixed territory, which makes counting the number of birds and keeping track of their general whereabouts considerably less difficult than it might appear. Sedgefields produces 1.5 birds per acre, which is probably the highest natural bobwhite yield anywhere in the U.S. today. It is more than four times the yield of both pheasants and partridges in Britain, where one bird to every three acres is considered excellent.

There were always plenty of quail at Sedgefields, it is true, even before I. B. Maytag bought the land in 1928. The abundance of birds, in fact, was what sold him on the place during his first visit to Union Springs. He was there from Colorado to attend a local field trial being run on the property. After watching a dog named Sun Ray point nine coveys of quail in 15 minutes, he was so excited by the land and its game

that he did not wait to see the end of the trial. Instead he went to the Union Springs bank and began buying up acreage. The bank, as well as most of the townspeople, looked upon the whole operation with benign amusement. Anyone not only willing but eager to pay as high as \$20 an acre for idle land was obviously another Yankee gone mad in the Alabama sun.

With Sedgefields now worth somewhere between \$500 and \$1,000 an acre, the rewards of such madness have proved substantial. But making a million (or 10 or 12) in real estate was never Maytag's goal. The only rewards he has ever cared to reap at Sedgefields have been not profits but the pleasures of the field. Over the years these have been considerable.

Maytag has seen the National Shooting Dog Championship, which he helped found at Sedgefields in 1950, emerge as the premier field trial of its kind in the U.S. Today it is not only the nation's most respected and distinguished shooting-dog stake, but it is also the largest and best attended.

A gallery of more than 400 mounted spectators followed the 1966 running last March, and some 1,500 people turned out for the opening barbecue, an annual event that is as eagerly anticipated as the fine bird work afield. For the entire week of the trial the spirited holiday atmosphere at Sedgefields spills out into Union Springs and the surrounding country. Shops close, schools let out early and everybody joins in the fun.

About the only activity Mr. Bud (as Maytag is called by his friends) enjoys more than the National Shooting Dog Championship is actually shooting quail. His skills with a shotgun are legendary. For years he tested himself and the credibility of his hunting companions by trying to shoot only male quail, a feat comparable to going fishing and trying to catch only male bass. His record for a single season stands at 710 birds, of which only three were females. "Of course, there is no ecological reason for sparing females," Maytag points out. "About 85% of all quail die each year, whether or not they are hunted. Nature takes what the gun leaves. There is no way to stockpile birds, male or female. That is why hunting is such a vital part of quail farming."

Until recently Maytag seldom missed a day of quail hunting at Sedgefields during the season. He is troubled by arthritis now, but this has not slowed his reflexes on a covey rise or dulled his incredible eye for spotting the white-throated males in a bunch of birds. It has forced him to give up hunting from horseback as he did for most of his 78 years. Instead he rides along on a specially built buggy, shooting from it when he is alone, content to watch others hunt when he has guests.

A day at Sedgefields begins with a breakfast of buttermilk pancakes, bacon, eggs, homemade biscuits and a selection of jams and jellies worthy of a church bazaar. Like everything else about Mr. Bud, it is solid, hearty fare—no frills, no fancy trimmings and no tiny crustless slivers of dry toast.

The main house at Sedgefields is as unpretentious as its master. Unlike that at Mrs. George F. Baker's Horseshoe Plantation near Tallahassee, Jock Whitney's Greenwood at Thomasville, or John Olin's Nido near Albany, it is neither columned nor capacious. Rather, it is a rambling, clapboard, one-story affair, simply furnished, marvelously comfortable and obviously lived in. It is the kind of house in which a hunter would not be disgraced to wear his boots, and where he can always be sure of finding some very old hourhoun waiting for him on the pegged-wood bar at the end of the day.

The kennels, about 200 yards from the main house, are also white clapboard, trimmed with green. Although there are fewer dogs now than when Maytag went out after quail every day, the kennels still house some 15 finished pointers and setters and about twice that many for breeding and training. George (Bubba) Harden III, who, like his father, has spent his lifetime at Sedgefields, is in charge of the kennels and the stable of walking horses. Although Maytag can no longer ride himself, he has adamantly refused to go along with the jeeps and pickups that have replaced horses for quail hunting on most other plantations. This even applies to his shooting buggy, which is pulled by a matched pair of great black mules.

There are never more than two guns on a proper southern quail hunt, although the size of the *continued*



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caravan suggests a full platoon. A man could, it is true, go out at Sedgelyields as he might at home, with only his dog for company, and he would doubtless shoot a limit of birds, but he would miss the real flavor of the sport. For the Old South formalities of plantation hunting are what make shooting at Sedgelyields so memorable.

When I shot there, for example, there were grooms for me, for my hunting partner and for George Harden Jr., in addition to George III, who handled the dogs, two scouts, a driver and an attendant for the shooting buggy. Mr. Bud and his good-looking brunette wife Elizabeth rode along in the wagon to watch. All of Sedgelyields' 14,000 acres are hunted each season. The area is divided into courses, each of which is hunted for an hour and a half, with a different brace of dogs worked on each course. Normally two courses are shot over each morning and two each afternoon. Between the second and third courses there is always a picnic lunch served somewhere in the field or, when the weather is bad, before a big stone fireplace in the new clubhouse.

It was exactly 9 o'clock when George III took two pointers from their boxes on the shooting buggy and set them down, yelping and straining at their collars, on the first of the morning courses. He held them side by side for a brief moment, then released them. They lunged forward, bounding across the yellow fields of sedge, eager for the scent of birds.

We followed, our horses moving at a brisk, steady walk, our order carefully prescribed by protocol. George Harden, who led the hunt, went first. A few paces behind him, George III and the scouts rode abreast, never taking their eyes from the dogs quartering the fields ahead and to either side of us. Plantation pointing dogs range wider and move faster than most dogs used by foot hunters. This means they cover more ground, but in doing so a dog occasionally gets out too far and disappears from sight. When this happens it is the scout's job to find the dog and direct it back on course.

As one of the guns, my place in the procession was just behind the scouts, followed by the grooms and the shooting buggy. It was a perfect morning, crisp and clear, with the hint of winter in the air and a bright, blue sky overhead. Riding leisurely and relaxed through stands of long, thin pines and rolling fields of

burnished grass, my thoughts wandered lazily from quail to a dozen other things. Then, up ahead, Harden stopped. He raised his hand to his hat, the fingers just touching the crown. This meant a dog was on a scent but had not yet located the birds. I could see the dog sniffing the sedge with agitated, erratic movements, his nose and body close to the ground, his tail waving like a baton.

Then, abruptly, he stiffened, freezing in midstride, a forefoot poised, his body rigid. Harden raised his hat high in the air, and the deep, resonant call, "Point," rang across the morning.

In unison we galloped toward the dog, stopping yards from where it stood in classic pose. I slid from the saddle and pulled my gun from its scabbard. A groom came forward to hold my horse. Harden was already on foot. He stepped back, motioning me to go ahead of him. I loaded my gun and began moving in, my eyes fixed just above the tangled sedge in front of the dog. Again I felt the surge of excitement that inevitably accompanies the suspense-filled moments before the birds burst from the cover.

The noise of a covey rise is always startling, always unexpected, even for experienced shooters. Suddenly the air is filled with whirring, whirling creatures, shapeless blurs that seem to wing in a dozen dizzying directions at once. A hunter who can shoulder his gun, single out a target and fire at it amidst such confusion has earned the right to call himself a quail shooter.

It is not even essential that he bring down a bird to claim the tale. Part of the unending fascination of the sport is that even the best quail shooters sometimes bag only air. The reasons for missing quail are legion—the day was too hot or too cold, the birds were too tame or too wild, the gun was shooting too high or too low, the cover was too thick or too sparse. The true measure of a quail shooter is not the number of birds he hits, but the number and originality of reasons he has for the ones he misses.

A hunter at Sedgelyields conceivably can miss quail out of as many as 40 or 50 coveys in a single day. When I hunted there, shooting over two morning and two afternoon courses, I saw at least that many coveys daily. In fact, the quail at Sedgelyields were so numerous that after a while my shotgun got tired of shooting at them. Every now and then it just refused to hit one.

END



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The nation's five major undefeated teams were all expected to be there at the top. But as the 1966 season winds toward its exciting climax, two schools, Notre Dame and Michigan State, stand above all the rest

The 1966 college football season, drawing—with the exception of a few fringe benefits—to a close, has proved as logical as it was predictable. Most of the favorites have lived up to their notizes and five major teams—Notre Dame, Michigan State, Alabama, Georgia Tech and Nebraska—are still unbeaten. Nine others have lost only one game, a situation calculated to please the greediest of bowl promoters.

But the game that has excited almost everybody will not be played in a bowl. It is Saturday's meeting at East Lansing between Notre Dame and Michigan State. The victor most likely will win the national championship. Notre Dame does not play postseason games and the Spartans, Big Ten champions again, are prevented by a league rule from appearing postanywhere.

Purdue, for the first time ever, has that right and will play the winner of Satur-

day's USC-UCLA game in the Rose Bowl. Meanwhile, despite an NCAA ruling that does not permit schools to make commitments until November 21, the other bowl pairings are taking shape. Alabama is almost a sure bet for the Sugar Bowl, where it probably will meet Nebraska. Georgia Tech reportedly is in the Orange Bowl with Florida (8-1) while Arkansas (8-1) is the probable Southwest Conference representative in the Cotton Bowl, perhaps against Georgia (8-1). That leaves the Gator, Bluebonnet, Sun and Liberty bowls to pick from an attractive group that includes SMU (6-2), Mississippi (6-2), Syracuse (7-2), Colorado (6-3), Tennessee (5-3), Virginia Tech (7-1-1), Miami of Ohio (8-1) and Wyoming (8-1) or Brigham Young (7-1).

Perhaps the most satisfying victory last week was Purdue's 16-0 conquest of Minnesota. Five times since 1952 the

Bowlmakers had come close but never quite made it to the Rose Bowl. Coach Jack Mollenkopf had been panned by alumni and students, who even hoisted "Fat Jack Must Go" signs in Ross-Ade Stadium last year. This time Quarterback Bob Griese made sure that his team would get to Pasadena. While Purdue's defense, suspect on some occasions during the season, shut off the Gophers, Griese threw 13 yards to Jim Bernie for one touchdown and kicked a 30-yard field goal. It was a happy day for Mollenkopf. His round face beaming, he shouted, "After all those years of disappointment, this is great."

THE MIDWEST

1. NOTRE DAME (8-0)
2. MICHIGAN STATE (9-0) 3. NEBRASKA (9-0)

The semifinals before the NOTRE DAME-MICHIGAN STATE game were harrowing. For Duke's Tom Harp, who had blissfully said earlier in the week, "I always dreamed of playing Notre Dame," the reality was a nightmare. Nick Eddy opened the scoring with a 77-yard run on the second play, and the Irish never stopped until they had humiliated the poor Blue Devils 64-0. Michigan State, with Fullback Bob Apisa resting his ailing knee, was content with a 37-19 shellacking of Indiana. But Duff's Daugherty was not making jokes after Indiana's Frank Stavyroff rattled his pass defense with 23 completions for 316 yards—a Big Ten record.

With Purdue in the Rose Bowl, the rest of the Big Ten played for kicks. MICHIGAN won over Northwestern 28-20. ILLINOIS clubbed Wisconsin 49-14. OHIO STATE held off rallying Iowa 14-10.

It was businesslike football that unbeaten NEBRASKA played against Oklahoma State, resulting, as usual, in a businesslike win, 21-6. Halfback Harry Wilson boomed through the Oklahoma State line for 104 yards. Halfback Ben Gregory scored on a 10-yard run and Quarterback Bob Churchich went over for two touchdowns. The victory gave the Huskers their fourth straight Big Eight title. Oklahoma, the only team

continued



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with a chance to catch them, was upset by Wisconsin 10-7 on Bill Bates's 52-yard field goal. Colorado, a late bloomer in the Big Eight, clinched a tie for second by walloping Kansas 35-18 while Kansas State secured last place, losing to Iowa State 30-13.

The "little fellows" had their big game, too, only it turned out to be not much of a game. Dayton, 7-4 and in its best season since 1957, lost to Miami of Ohio, the Mid-American co-champion, 38-6 when Bruce Matthe hit 10 of 18 passes for 179 yards and three touchdowns and ran for a fourth.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. ARKANSAS (8-1) 2. HOUSTON (7-1) 3. SMU (6-2)

ARKANSAS moved into the Southwest Conference lead, whacking SMU 22-0. The difference between the two teams was summarized in a single strategic trick developed by Coach Frank Broyles. When SMU set its ends wide to contain Jon Brittenum's sprincouts and Harry Jones's sweeps, Arkansas matted its blockers at Mustang John Kimbrough's right-back spot ("I've never seen so many blockers in my life," said Kimbrough later) and Tailback David Dickey hit it for big yardage. Dickey scored twice after Safety Martine Bencher ran back a punt 69 yards.

Too late, TEXAS was coming on at the SWC, and the reason was not the celebrated Bill Bradley, who has been hurt, but Chris Gilbert, who was expected to play in Bradley's shadow. A low-slung runner with a gliding gait, Gilbert went through TCU for 117 yards, giving him 943 for the season. The Frogs, shaken by Coach Abe Martin's mild heart attack, went down 13-3.

DAYTON's Terry Southall was back on target with 24 completions against Texas Tech, and the Bears won 29-14. Rice, which makes a habit of blowing fourth-quarter leads, found two more ways to lose as it yielded to TEXAS A&M 7-6. The Owls moved a two-point conversion with 31 seconds to go and then, after recovering an onside kick, missed a 31-yard field goal.

Texas Western's defense, once so proud and firm, was mauled again, for 412 yards—by Wyoming, as the Cowboys won 31-7.

THE SOUTH 1. ALABAMA (8-0) 2. GEORGIA TECH (9-0) 3. GEORGIA (8-1)

GEORGIA TECH and ALABAMA had it easy last week. While Tech was whipping Penn State 21-0 (page 26), Bama took South Carolina 24-0 with Tide Fullback Les Kelley, back in Coach Bear Bryant's good graces after serving a week's penance for a curfew violation, doing the most damage.

The War Eagle, screamed out loud and clear in Birmingham when Auburn built a first-quarter 13-0 lead, died in a gurgle as GEORGIA got going. Brad Johnson's seven-

yard run and Kirby Moore's 52-yard pass to Hardy King put the Dags ahead 14-13. Ronnie Jenkins' four-yard plunge added seven points and Georgia had at least a share of the SEC title.

FLORIDA'S Steve Spurrier had another one of those days. 20 pass completions for 255 yards and a touchdown (his 15th), 33 rushing and a new SEC total-yardage record of 5,082—as the Gators squashed Tulane 31-10. Tennessee, however, was surprised by improving Wisconsin 14-7, LSU picked up a few pieces, too, by beating Mississippi State 17-7.

SAVY, warming up for Army, went after Vanderbilt with its best offensive show of the year, John Cartwright passing and Terry Murray running the Midshipmen to a 30-14 win. Kentucky was clubbed by HOUSTON 56-18. The Cougars piled up 649 yards, 187 by Fullback Dick Post and 148 by shifty Warren McVea, who ran 63, 32 and 12 yards for scores. "Tackling McVea," said Kentucky Safety Jerry Davis, "is like standing in midstream and trying to catch fish bare-handed."

MIAMI, with Quarterback Bill Miller coming off the bench to complete 13 of 16 passes, buried helpless Pitt 38-14. VIRGINIA TECH survived a 51-pass barrage by William & Mary to win 20-13.

Sometimes, Maryland's Lou Saban found out, you can overcoach. With Clemson ahead 14-10 and the Terps on the Tigers' live, third and two, Saban sent in a play. Alas, his messenger arrived too late and it cost Maryland a five-yard penalty. Two plays later, Clemson intercepted a pass and went on to win 34-10, clinching a tie for the ACC title.

WAKE FOREST upset Memphis State 21-7 but North Carolina lost to AIR FORCE 20-14 and North Carolina State was edged by SOUTH KEN MISSISSIPPI 7-6.

THE EAST 1. SYRACUSE (7-2) 2. ARMY (7-2) 3. HARVARD (7-1)

SYRACUSE Coach Ben Schwartzwalder always said, "When you get fat, you're asking for trouble." Against Florida State, he did the simplest thing. Jet Floyd Little ran Little piled up 193 yards the now has 2,577 to beat Ernie Davis' career record, ran for three touchdowns, all from the FSU 24-yard line, and a two-point conversion and Syracuse took its seventh straight 7-21.

With one week to go, the Ivy League race was down to three teams—DARTMOUTH, PRINCETON and HARVARD. Dartmouth had Quarterback Mackey Beard to thank for its 32-23 victory over Cornell. With his team behind 17-7, Beard, who had already passed for one touchdown, threw for two more and ran for another. Princeton squeaked past Yale 13-7 on Larry Stupka's 41-yard run with a blocked punt with 4:02 to go while

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK continued

Harvard trounced Brown 24-7. There was even a bit of cheer for COLUMBIA. The Lions beat Penn 22-14 for their first win. VILLANOVA, more than holding its own in a scoreless tie with floundering Boston College, scored three times in the last quarter to win 19-0. CORGATI held off Lafayette 20-9 but Rutgers' magic finally ran out against HOLY CROSS. Quarterback Jack Lantz ran and passed for 255 yards as the Crusaders won 24-12.

BEST OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Colorado State Halfback Oscar Reed were 70 yards for a touchdown on the first play from scrimmage, ran 124 more yards for a 7.8-yard average and two more touchdowns in a 35-26 win over West Texas State.

THE LINEMAN: Mississippi End Jerry Richardson, a junior, ran 51 yards with a recovered fumble for a score, harassed Tennessee's Dewey Warren into three interceptions and made a dozen tackles as Ole Miss won 14-7.

THE WEST

1. USC (7-1) 2. UCLA (8-1) 3. WYOMING (8-1)

UCLA won out over Stanford 10-0 but paid dearly in the process. Quarterback Gary Beban, who scored UCLA's only touchdown on a nifty 26-yard rollout, cracked a bone in his right ankle and is probably out of Saturday's showdown game with USC. The Trojans, who had the week off, will now concentrate their full intentions on Mel Farr, who smashed Stanford for 128 yards.

There was not much left for the other AAWU teams but OREGON STATE, showing good line foot, beat Washington 24-13 for its fifth straight. Oregon, however, was beaten by ARIZONA STATE 14-10 while ARIZONA outscored Washington State 28-18.

If anyone had told ARMY's Tom Cahill a year ago that he would be the Cadets' head coach this November and that his team would be 7-2 going into the Navy game, he would have scoffed. But last week Cahill was given a new contract, and Army celebrated with a 6-3 win over California as Quarterback Steve Lindell had his finest day. He completed 16 of 21 passes for 190 yards and ran for 53 more. Look out, Navy!

The Western AC is ready for its big game in Provo Saturday. BRIGHAM YOUNG, with Virgil Carter pitching three touchdown passes, prepared for Wyoming by routing Utah 35-13. The independents had their fun, too. NEW MEXICO STATE trounced New Mexico 47-12 as Tailback Jim Bohl scored 28 points. COLORADO STATE, led by flashy Oscar Reed, beat West Texas State 35-26 and UTAH STATE, at last looking like the team it was supposed to be, rolled over San Jose State 27-7. MARY'S Ray McDonald scored five times in a 40-6 shelling of Montana. **END**

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PEOPLE

Who is Harry Walker? Students at a small college near Pittsburgh asked 560 people on campus and around town that question. He was identified as a member of the President's Cabinet, a nightclub comedian, a test pilot, the governor of New York, the governor of Alabama, a fish-and-game warden, a postmaster, a segregationist, mayor of New York, an American Legion commander, a union leader, head of the Communist party, a movie star, an astronaut, a rock 'n' roll singer, a TV announcer, an evangelist, a football player and a Civil War general. Only 42% of those asked about Walker by students at Indiana University of Pennsylvania correctly identified him as manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, who finished three games back of the pennant-winning Dodgers. Now, who is Walter Alton?

Featuring such paintings as *Shoe* (studied at Nipha, Eric Barnes, for five years a lineman in the NFL and AFL, is having his first one-man show at New York's Grand Central gallery. An art major at North Carolina College, he didn't turn pro in that field until 1964. It was then that someone offered \$25,000 for his first major work, *The Beach* (below), which had been exhibited in a Denver haberdashery. He turned the offer down "because I want to save

the painting." Since then he has had pictures commissioned by such celebrities as Actor Jack Palance and Jets Owner Sonny Werblin. "I paint football subjects almost exclusively," says Barnes. "because that is what I know and understand best. Anyone in art should paint the things they know about and can grasp." Now within Barnes' reach: more \$25,000 offers.

Just in case, **George Hamilton** has signed up for some target practice. He will spend this weekend shooting pheasants in Ennsfeld, Austria.

One of the most famous sports figures in Irish history, **John Mary Lynch**, won another prize last week. Now 49, the Irish hurling and football star was elected prime minister. He was the recipient of six successive All-Ireland medals, five of them for his achievements in hurling and one for Gaelic football. An active player until 1952, Lynch has not lost his feel for sport. Two years ago, when he was the government's Minister for Industry and Commerce, he was discovered airing damp jerseys by a coal fire in a Blackpool locker room.

Shortly before the election **Charles Percy**, the Republican candidate for the Senate from Illinois, told a sports rally:

"We're down to the ninth inning with the ball on the five-yard line." He went anyway. So did other politicians with a sports line. Elected were: **Ronald Reagan**, who played George Gipp in the movie *Knute Rockne—All American*, to the governorship of California. In spite of one campaign slogan that went "I won one for the Gipper"; **Bob Mathias**, two-time Olympic decathlon champion, to the House of Representatives from California's 18th district; **Clyde Lovellette**, onetime NBA All-Star and fast-draw hobbyist, as sheriff of Vigo (Ind.) County; **Bob St. Clair**, former 49er tackle, as supervisor of San Mateo (Calif.) County; **Wilmer** (Vintgar Bond) **Mizell**, pitcher for the 1960 World Series-winning Pirates, as commissioner of Davidson (N.C.) County; **Peter F. Schulhoran**, fullback at Cal in the '40s, to the California House of Representatives; **Jim Beatty**, the first man to run a sub-four-minute mile indoors, to the North Carolina House; and **Tom Golis**, recently a New York Knuck, to the Pennsylvania House. "Sure, my name wasn't bought, it was earned."

The winner of this year's Nobel Prize for Chemistry, **Robert S. Mulliken**, has spent his life doing theoretical studies on molecules. Among other things, he helped develop the A-bomb. But one of his concerns now is America's penchant for "an environment of content. I do not understand it," he says. "So much of our scenery is being torn up by bulldozers and flattened out. In Chicago I long for some hills. I have one consolation, though. A hundred years from now, if people become more sensible, it wouldn't be impossible to recreate some of the natural scenery—the brooks and hills. They wouldn't be quite natural, but nature would take over after a while. In 1948, after the war, I was interested to see how the wild flowers grew up in cer-

tain areas of London that had been badly bombed. If nature is given its chance, it will do things."

Last week at the Elysée Palace **Charles de Gaulle** had his own kind of field day. Never before noted for his athletic interests, he invited 60 of France's past and present sports stars to lunch and decorated six of them with the Legion of Honor. He hinted and benedicted Tour de France winner **Jacques Anquetil** (below), Rugby Star **Michel Crauste**, Skier **Alain Calmat**, Skier **Guy Périllat**, Runner **Michel Jazy** and Track and Field Captain **Jocelyn Delecoeur**. "Not only are you very likable," said the beaming general, "you are examples of physical courage and character. Each time that you appear, you spread the good name and prestige of France in the most human of fields." De Gaulle surprised the athletes with his sports knowledge. He talked to Périllat about the synthetic "frogman's skins" that the French skiers had tried at Portillo to reduce wind resistance, and was overheard saying to a prewar French track star: "Ah. Monsieur Ladeumègue, I still remember your 1,500-meter world record in 1930, 3:49.2. What an exploit that was! And your mile record in 1931, 4:09.2. Admirable!" De Gaulle sounded like a track nut.



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A 'sugoi' try nearly won a trophy for Sugi

The U.S. got back the Canada Cup when Palmer and Nicklaus proved unbeatable at Tokyo, but the real excitement came when Canada's Knudson almost lost the individual title to home-town pro Sugimoto

For three and a half days last week there rose along the steep hillsides of Tokyo Yomiuri Country Club the soothing sound that is the Japanese sigh of admiration—*amoi-ni*, meaning wonderful. It was caused by the sight of better golf than the Japanese had ever seen before, much of it being played by Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus, who shot a record-breaking 28-under-par team total of 548 to return the Canada Cup, the most esteemed prize in international golf, to the U.S.

The Palmer-Nicklaus performance, a study in golfing teamwork, made a rout of the matches. The U.S. pair went into the last day with a seven-stroke lead and never let anyone threaten it, eventually finishing five shots ahead of South Africa, whose Gary Player and Harold Henning had won the cup a year ago in Spain. To see the U.S. gods of the game at their best was indeed *amoi-ni*.

But halfway through the final round on Sunday afternoon the weather at Yomiuri changed from Japanese magnificent to anywhere awful, and at about the same time the sound of the gallery began to take on a different note, one of personal excitement. The word now being heard in the crowd was *sugoi*—*amazing*. The team matches were, to all purposes, over, but what remained at stake was the individual title, called the International Trophy, and the fight for it had unexpectedly become a complex struggle that included—*sugoi* as it seemed—Japan's own Hideyo Sugimoto.

By Japanese standards, Sugimoto is a big man and a big hitter. He is 5 feet 11 and has a chunky build that is indicative of his strength. He is also the home pro at Yomiuri—which is a considerable source of strength in itself when you happen to be playing there. His scores for the first three days on the 6,962-yard par-72

course were 66-69-68. It was good golf, but not good enough to keep up with Canada's George Knudson. A lean, cool customer from Toronto, Knudson broke the course record with a 64 on Thursday, and by Sunday morning was at 198, four strokes ahead of Palmer, five ahead of Sugimoto and six up on Nicklaus.

The final day's pairings found Canada matched with the U.S., which put Knudson head to head against Palmer and Nicklaus, and Nicklaus chipped away at Knudson. By the end of the 14th hole he and the Canadian were tied, with

Palmer two strokes back. Then came the short, 194-yard 15th hole. Knudson got his par 3, but in a rare lapse Nicklaus bounced his tee shot off the edge of the green into the deep rough. His chip back went 20 feet past the pin, and he three-putted for his only double bogey of the tournament. When Palmer hokeyed the hole, both the Americans had lost their big chance at the individual honors.

But Sugimoto, playing behind this foursome and seemingly untroubled by the downpour that started on the back nine, kept plugging along in his careful

command



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GOLF continued

and calculating style. Birdie followed birdie. By the time he got to the 18th tee he was 16 under par and tied with Knudson, who was in the clubhouse with a 74 and a 272 total. A par on 18 would have won it for Sugimoto and sent the drenched crowd into delirium, but his tee shot on this 224-yard par-3 caught a bunker. He exploded long and took his two puts to tie Knudson, who at that moment was changing into his street clothes in the locker room.

For several tense minutes in the rain, officials discussed the possibility of declaring joint winners. Asked if he wanted to have a sudden-death playoff, a cold and wet Sugimoto replied: "Yes, unless Knudson objects." The easygoing Knudson, whom the Japanese press called "Dandy Boy," said O.K., and he and Sugimoto headed for the first tee.

Knudson, smiling and puffing away on a cigarette, retained the jaunty air that had enchanted the Japanese all week, but Sugimoto was serious and scowled as both parred the first hole. On the second extra hole, a par-3, Sugimoto hit within 15 feet of the cup but missed his putt, and then Knudson, only 12 feet away, knocked in the winning birdie.

In spite of the loss, the gallery was hardly disconcerted. The Japanese turned out in unexpected numbers (and unwanted numbers, too; the spectator limit was to have been 5,000 because the course has little gallery rooms, but about 12,000 a day paid their \$5.50 and got in) and had the pleasure of seeing one of their golfers do extremely well, bringing back memories of the Japanese Canada Cup victory in 1957.

Nor was there much to dismay any of the 70 players from other nations. Now 14 years old, the Canada Cup matches had again demonstrated what an international sport golf is, not only by the fine performances of famous golfers from many countries, but by some lesser achievements as well.

There were the Czechs, for example, who finished last a year ago. They did the same again, but this time they improved their score by 75 strokes. And there were the Koreans, competing for the first time in seven years, who beat 42 other countries. Finally, the matches proved, once and for all, that Jack Nicklaus, who finished tied for third with a 273, is every bit as good a golfer as the Republic of China's Lu Liang-huan, who also had a 273.



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In addition, as if discovering the right lead for your own holding were not enough of a problem, it is often very important that your opening lead serve as some kind of signal to your partner.

The natural development of bridge has served only to complicate matters, for what was gospel to a player yesterday is often anathema to him today. One facet of the game that is certain to provoke lively discussion is what to lead from three small cards. Until fairly recently this presented few difficulties. With three small cards you would lead "top of nothing" to indicate that you held no honor card in the suit. But this often confused partner, who could not be sure that the lead was not a high-low signal from a small doubleton.

So the pendulum swung to the other extreme. It was generally agreed that with three small cards in a suit you led the lowest. This cleared up any possibility of mistaking your lead as top of a doubleton, but now it could not be differentiated from a lead from an honor or from four small cards. To cast light in these murky waters, MUD was born.

MUD is an acronym formed from the first letters of the words "middle," "up," "down," describing the sequence that more and more good players—though still not the majority—are using when leading from three small cards. This method has many advantages and is particularly useful against no-trump contracts, as this deal shows.

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BRIDGE

The hand occurred in a tournament where F.S.P.s as well as M.U.D. seemed to be the order of the day. When your own suits appear to offer little hope of establishing tricks, or when your hand contains no entry for a long suit, it is usually advisable to try to find partner's strong

North-South vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH			
♠	10 7 6		
♥	K 6		
♦	A 10 6 2		
♣	K 10 3 2		
EAST			
♠	A 8 5 2		
♥	A 9 5 4		
♦	7 3		
♣	Q 7		
SOUTH			
♠	K J 1		
♥	J 10 3 2		
♦	K Q J		
♣	A 8 6		

NORTH	WEST	SOUTH	EAST
UNL	PASS	UNL	PASS
PASS		PASS	

Opening lead: ♠ of hearts

suit by leading one in which you are weak. One of the advantages of this kind of lead is that it seldom costs a trick that declarer could not have made on his own. A factor that is especially important in match-point tournament play. Therefore, at almost every table, in answer to his partner's silent prayers, West came up with the lead of the 8 of hearts. This caused difficulty for partnerships playing "top of nothing" leads from two-, three- or four-card suits. When dummy played low, East won the opening lead with the queen of hearts and hopefully cashed the ace and returned a low heart. This play set up two heart tricks for the declarer, who then established a spade for his ninth trick.

At one table, however, the defenders were using M.U.D. When West led the 8 of hearts, East knew it had to be from a doubleton. West would not have led the 8 if his holding had included an honor, say 10-K-7. So East could see that declarer had to have four hearts to the jack and 10. The suit thus offered little prospect for defeating the contract.

After winning the first trick with the queen of hearts, this East switched to a low spade. There was now no way for South to take the nine tricks before the defense could cash three spades and another heart to beat the contract. **END**



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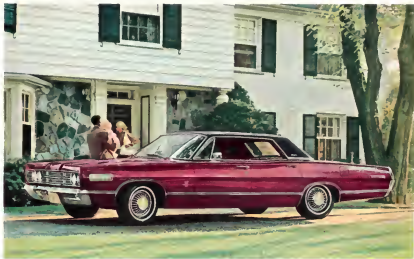
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When U.S. Davis Cup Captain George MacCall landed in New York last week he phoned his 8-year-old daughter Polly in Los Angeles. "Daddy," said the little girl. "Come home quick. The roof is leaking."

"I told her that was nothing," said MacCall, with a wry grin. And, compared to what had happened earlier in the week, it was indeed nothing. In Porto Alegre, Brazil, MacCall had had a whole roof collapse on him. For the second straight year his Davis Cup team was beaten short of Australia and the Challenge Round. As he awaited a plane to take him to California and his leaky roof, MacCall discussed the one that had collapsed.

For instance, why for the second straight year had he failed to use Arthur Ashe in singles?

"O.K. Fair question. The matches were played on a slow surface, slower than our clay courts, even slower than the courts in Barcelona, where we lost to Spain last year. Furthermore, we were

Reasons why the roof fell in

Back home after the embarrassing defeat of his U.S. Davis Cup team, Captain George MacCall answers some questions his critics are asking

playing with a heaver ball—a low-pressure ball—than we use in the States. It takes a good deal of experience to get used to it. Denny Ralston has that experience. Cliff Richey has some. Ashe has practically none at championship level. Arthur's game is better on a fast surface—grass, cement—which helps a big serve and volley. But on clay—well, Cliff Richey is our clay-court champion. The week before the match with Brazil he won a big tournament in Buenos Aires. I chose Richey over Ashe because I thought he was the better player under the conditions I just described."

Why were the matches held in Brazil in the first place, rather than, say, Los Angeles with its cement courts.

"Well, quite frankly, we were out-hustled. Brazil elected not to play in the American Zone this year—which is its right—choosing instead the European A Zone. In doing so, however, it gave up all its rights as to what ball should be used, what surface, what location. But when Brazil won the European A Zone, the International Lawn Tennis Association suddenly decided that Brazil could have the choice of location, ball and court. I fought bitterly against the rul-

continued

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TENNIS continued

ing, as did our own tennis association. But the ILTA voted us down. It was like playing in a poker game and getting only three cards while the other guy has five. Do you know who the president of the ILTA is? He is Paulo da Silva Costa, captain of the Brazilian Davis Cup team."

Do you have any solution to the slow-surface problem? How can our players get experience on it?

"Several reasons make it difficult. Many of our leading players are in school. Charley Pasarelli, for instance. We also have the military service problem. Arthur Ashe goes into the Army in February. But probably the biggest problem is that after Wimbledon all our players are required—and justifiably so, I think—to return to the States and play on the grass-court circuit while foreign players remain in Europe, gaining experience on slow surfaces. Since a majority of Davis Cup matches are played on slow surfaces—this year all but two of 47 matches were on slow surfaces—they get experience. We don't."

Let's go back to the matches in Brazil. So you went with Cliff Richey, and he lost two singles matches. He was doing reasonably well in his first match against Edison Mandarino until he got leg cramps. Richey has a history of leg cramps. Did this worry you?

"Yes, but I didn't think he'd get them this time. He performed very well in some grueling matches the week before with no sign of cramps. He has been under the care of our team physician, Dr. Norman Rudy, who checked him for possible deficiencies. There were none. We even had him on a special diet."

Is it possible that the tension of the matches, in contrast with the relaxed atmosphere of the week before, could have brought the cramps on?

"Perhaps. I don't know."

What about Dennis Ralston, who lost the deciding match to Mandarino? There are many people who feel that Ralston is incapable of winning a really important match—as perhaps indicated by his loss to Stolle in the 1964 Davis Cup, to Gilbert last year and to Santana in the finals at Wimbledon this year. In short, they think he is a loser. How do you feel about that?

"I don't think I could ever disagree with any statement more violently than that one Dennis, I feel, played the Davis Cup match of his life against Man-

continued



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darino. He played a must match every day in Brazil. After Richey lost the opener, Dennis had to beat Thomaz Koch. He did, easily. We had to win the doubles the next day, and Dennis was the outstanding player on the court. I feel Mandarino beat Dennis in the fourth and fifth sets. Ralston didn't lose it. I can't pay enough tribute to Dennis Ralston for the way he played against Brazil.

"While I'm on the subject, someone should mention that Mandarino played superb tennis for three days, and in the fourth and fifth sets he lifted himself even higher. I wish the American press would give this guy more credit. He is a great clay-court player. He has beaten Santana and Pietrangeli, two of the best clay-court players in the world. He also won the fifth and deciding point when Brazil upset Spain. His match against Gisbert went five sets, and the end of the fifth set had to be played the next day because of darkness. This is in Barcelona, too. Mandarino is tough. Incidentally, if Spain had beaten Brazil, we would have played Spain in Los Angeles on cement and you know we would have to win."

Over the years U.S. players have been frequently criticized for their deportment. One report from Brazil said that Ralston was visibly irked by the crowd. What about it?

"If Ralston was visibly irked by the crowd during the fifth set, he was justified. The deportment of this team in Brazil was excellent."

What happens to the team now?

"We start getting ready for our first match in 1967—about May, I imagine."

Do you hope to be captain then?

"Well, that is a question the incoming president of the USLTA—Bob Kelleher—must decide. Certainly, as captain, I bear the responsibility for Barcelona and Porto Alegre. Anytime a team loses I think it is fair to ask whether or not the captain is qualified. It has been said that to have been a Davis Cup player is a necessity to being the captain. I disagree. I am not a coach but am fortunate to have one of the finest in the world, Pancho Gonzales, working with us. Otherwise, I feel that the duties of a captain are to understand his players, make arrangements for proper training, find out as soon as possible where you are going to play and make preparations accordingly. I have tried to do this and hope to be able to do it again." **END**

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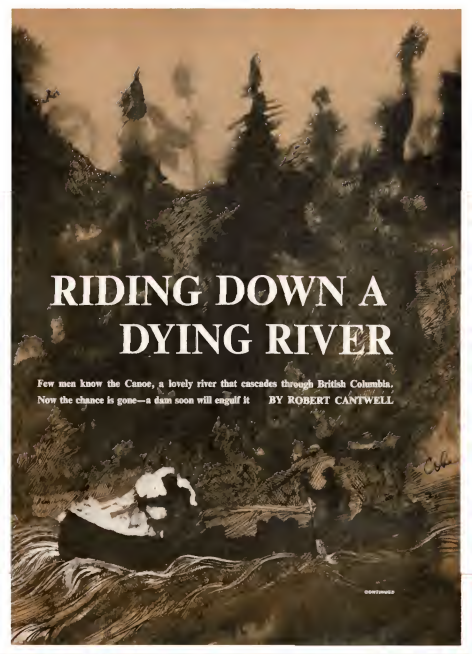
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RIDING DOWN A DYING RIVER

Few men know the Canoe, a lovely river that cascades through British Columbia. Now the chance is gone—a dam soon will engulf it

BY ROBERT CANTWELL

CONTINUED

Stand on the wooden bridge over the Canoe River in British Columbia, watch the glacial water spattering down a long slope between the pines and you realize you are seeing something future generations will never know: this river, doomed to disappear. The Canoe is the longest, least-known and most remote of the rivers that will be virtually erased by the dam that is being built as a joint U.S.-Canadian venture on the Columbia River. The Canoe starts on an ice field high on Mount Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It drops straight down in many places, falling 8,000 feet in 20 miles, cascading among unreachable rocks. Then the Canoe becomes a real river, when it pours into the Canoe River valley, two or three miles wide, a hundred miles long, running through country inhabited only by moose, deer, black bear, grizzlies, mountain goats, beaver and other wild creatures.

The Canoe makes a melodramatic entrance into the valley. It jets out of a canyon only 70 feet across, with rock walls a hundred feet high. The black metal girders of a Canadian National Railway bridge cross high above, from one canyon wall to the other. The splintery wooden bridge is just below the trestle, almost at the water level. The water curls and coils and braids from the sharp canyon curves, it is cold, fast, impenetrable, gray-green, white-flecked, carrying the scent of rocks and ice.

All sorts of treasured wild rivers are being changed or destroyed or threatened these days by dams, from the Gunnison in Colorado to the Buffalo in Arkansas, and each assault gives rise to anguished protests from conservationists, fishermen, canoeists and wilderness enthusiasts, but the case of the Canoe River is different: almost all of it will be wiped out before it has been discovered. Except for a float boat trip or two, no outdoor recreationists have enjoyed it. David Thompson found and named the river in 1811, but until surveys were made for the new dam it was scarcely explored. Nothing ever happened along

its banks—no railroads, farms, towns, battles—and only a few hunters and explorers even knew of its existence. Nothing will ever happen on its banks, for it is not going to have any banks. What is now the Canoe River will be part of a lake, from one to five miles wide and about 90 miles long, which will be formed behind the Mica Creek Dam now being built on the Columbia a few miles downstream from where the Canoe joins it.

We spent a lot of time on that wooden bridge over the river. We had two canoes, 17-foot Grumman's, rented from the Northern Stores Department of the Hudson's Bay Company for \$25 a week, and it was our intention to go down the Canoe to the Columbia. However, the canoes were not at the river's edge. They were at the railroad station in the town of Valemount, four miles north of the point where the road crossed the Canoe River, and there they remained a week while the delayed members of our scattered party assembled. Bright, shiny, new and extremely conspicuous, each canoe bore painted representations of the flag of Canada and the Hudson's Bay Company near its bow, plus a tastefully lettered sign, "U-Paddle." Those canoes were stared at by passengers of the transcontinental trains, and even more by the skeptical citizens of Valemount. They thought we had lost our nerve and were not going to start down the Canoe River at all.

So many searching questions were asked about the exact time we were going to leave and so many knowing looks were exchanged when we explained that we were waiting for others to join us that we avoided people after the first few days. We stood on the bridge and studied the current. Or we hiked along the bank and prescided to fish. In any case, we more or less kept out of sight. Bill Gilbert, an accomplished white-water canoeist, was to join us at Valemount, but he was held up in California on an article he was writing. An English naturalist, an old canoe companion of Gil-

bert's, was to arrive with him, but he had been delayed in Washington, D.C. Bob Waldrop, also an expert white-water man, a young staff member of a wilderness conservation foundation, was getting in some fieldwork before settling down in his office. He and I were the only ones present. Waldrop was dismayed at the appearance of the Canoe River. It was not dangerous enough. This was at the opposite extreme from my feeling about it, so we did not have much in common.

In the absence of anything else to do, we talked about food. Gilbert had prepared a large fiber-glass box filled with dried mush, dried soup, dried potatoes, dried omelets and other nourishing fare. He impressed on us that this was more than sufficient to sustain life but it lacked variety, and just before starting out we were to add appetizing items such as cheese, ham, sandwich spread, chocolate bars and food that could be eaten at lunch stops without making it necessary to unpack. So, as the days passed and Waldrop and I loafed around Valemount, we listed imaginative additions from the supermarket to our impending wilderness meals. From time to time confused messages arrived, saying Gilbert was in Sacramento, or that someone would arrive soon, but the telephone system in the interior of British Columbia carries you right back to the days of Alexander Graham Bell. Any conversation is apt to break off suddenly, with shrieks and wails akin to the sounds used in the brainwashing scenes of *The Prisoner's Isle*. And so we did not buy the food we planned to buy. To tell the truth, I was afraid the townspeople would be even more perplexed if we remained much longer around the place carrying a lot of sandwich spread and cookies, instead of starting down the river.

Eventually, however, a message came through. Gilbert would arrive on the train from Vancouver at 11 the next morning. The naturalist had decided he could not make it. So we got everything

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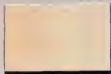
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in readiness, and I planned to buy the essentials in the morning before the train came in. The morning was fresh, windy, cool, a promising September day. The snow had come down on the sides of Mount Thompson in the night. It whitened the rocks from its 8,703-foot summit down to the green, yellow-tinted caribou meadows and would retreat back up the slopes as the day warmed. It was an ideal day for the start of a trip. And Gilbert arrived at 7—four hours earlier than expected. The canoes were hastily lifted from the railway platform to a truck, and we rode out to the bridge. Waldrop and I forgot all about our supermarket lists. The truck driver helped carry the canoes to the gravel bank. Below the bridge the river was 50 feet wide, sweeping down between banks lined with cedars and lodgepole pines, a turbulent, disorderly passage rather than a chute, broken with jets of foam and ending in standing waves. At the end of a quarter of a mile the river turned sharply beyond a high, haystack-shaped logjam. Well-wishers at Valenmount had told us not to put in at the bridge, the river seemed to go around the jam, but the current went under it. They also warned us about the first had rapids, Yellowjacket Rapids, only a few miles downstream. These were not very rough, but the approach was so smooth you were in them before you knew they were there.

Over the sound of the water the truck driver said, "You fellows might keep your eyes open for a body when you're going down the river."

I asked, "Was somebody lost trying to run it?"

"No," he said. "He jumped off the bridge."

The maze of girders looked extremely high overhead; the unfortunate man had been plainly determined not to survive.

"Who was it?" Bil Gilbert asked. "A stranger?"

"No," said the truck driver sadly. "He was a prominent man."

He returned to his truck and headed back in the direction of Valenmount. The thought of coming upon the body of a prominent man deep in the wilderness somewhat checked any elation we felt at starting out. But there is always an

instant of concentrated excitement in starting down a new river, regardless of any dispiriting prospect ahead. Waldrop, alone in one canoe, got away first, paddling hard and sahsaying around boulders like someone learning to ride a bicycle. I was the bowman in Gilbert's canoe. "All ready?" Gilbert asked. We went sliding away fast, into the animated world that is compounded of fresh air, wind, noisy current and the ceaseless attention demanded by the changes in the racing water. There was just time enough to say, "Some current," or "What a river," or make some equally profound observation when glimpses of rocks under the surface and occasional resonant subsonic boomings as the bottom scraped on rocks kept us too busy to observe anything else.

Below the long, rough glide the river was deep, an unbroken gray-green surface, with occasional eddies and rings and swirls that raced downstream as soon as they formed. A few miles on

there was mild and rilly water, running fast and smoothly. The river was silent except for noisy passages from time to time caused by shoals at the bends. These hummed and buzzed in the late-summer woods. Sometimes a splash made one think a fish had jumped near, but the sound came from trees seesawing in the hurrying water.

Deeper in the woods the Canoe River retired into a world where it really seemed that nothing had ever happened. As we rounded a bend a hawk dropped silently on a kingfisher, only a few feet in front of the canoe. The two birds seemed to hang suspended in the air for a few moments as the canoe drifted near. Then they exploded in a flurry that ended when the kingfisher broke free. They both hit the water. Almost at once they were in the air again, separated. The hawk seemed to spring upward before it struck, slantingly this time, the kingfisher plainly in its claws. "A godhawk," Gilbert called to Waldrop in the other

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CANOE RIVER *continued*

canoe. "He got a kingfisher." Much of Gilbert's adult life has been spent trapping and banding hawks.

The hawk had paid no attention to the canoe, but at the sound it turned in the air. The kingfisher dropped free and skimmed very low across the water to land on a stick projecting from a tangle of driftwood. The hawk turned in a half circle to look us over, and then perched on a gray snag across the river from its intended prey and watched us with morose dislike as we drifted away. "I shouldn't have yelled," Gilbert said. "It scared him."

Around another bend two deer pored on a sun-washed gravel bank a hundred yards downstream, watching us approach. One shafted uneasily in the shadow of small birch trees; the other stood almost negligently in the open, at the edge of the water. We stopped paddling and drifted straight toward them. There was no sound except the drowsy wash of the water and the splash of minute waves against the canoe. Apparently these aluminum craft were too unfamiliar to be very alarming—merely some



strange shape, gleaming, clawless and unthreatening, for we were not more than a hundred feet away when the deer turned unhurriedly and went into the woods. Around another bend a moose, not fully grown, stood on a slight grassy knoll, its head down, looking at the water, evidently undecided about crossing the river. When it finally saw the canoe we were within the distance of a Don't Walk sign. The moose turned and stumbled into the woods in an awkward, embarrassed fashion, like someone trying to avoid meeting an acquaintance he does not want to see.

Were there animal eyes watching us from behind the trees all along the river? Every 200 feet or so along the Canoe there were sandbanks, smooth as boat-launching ramps, sloping down from the forest floor, and these were covered with tracks—raccoon, black bear, grizzlies, moose, deer, martens, wolverine, mink, otter, prints readily identified in a copy of Olaus Murie's *Field Guide to Animal Tracks*, which Bill Gilbert carried with him—all sorts of tracks except the tracks of human beings. These would

soon be there: seven lumber companies had combined to put a road down the east bank of the Canoe River so they could take out the trees in the area to be flooded. Ours was the last trip down the Canoe before the major changes, and even we were a little too late, for logging had begun. But it was still wild enough. The river was dropping fast, a hundred feet in eight miles, but flowing smoothly, as if it were solid—gliding at the same speed along the bottom and at the surface. We went back and forth across the narrow valley, sometimes facing the Rockies on the east, sometimes the confusion of rocks and snow and knife-edged flint pyramids that made up the Monashee Mountains—so named from a Gaelic word meaning mountain of peace—reaching south along the Columbia. At each hairpin turn the current speeded up. Then, at the next straight stretch, it was possible to see the river slanting down a real grade, like a gentle hill of water, with lodgepole pines lining the bank as regularly as if they had been planted in rows. And beyond these, white and gold in the sunlight, the in-

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"I don't see how you guys could have forgotten to bring the food," Gilbert said. He returned to this subject frequently. He did not seem to be particularly concerned or irritated about it; he merely wondered, with a naturalist's curiosity, how it was possible to have forgotten something so essential to the survival of the species. At other times he approached the problem from a negative point of view, wondering what else one could be doing that was more important than providing food.

"Now, you had a week in Valenmount," he said. "What were you doing all that time?" It seemed to be impossible to make him understand that when you are waiting around a small town in the Canadian Rockies you cannot buy delicacies ahead of time. Or that it was the most natural thing in the world to forget them entirely, since he had arrived at 7 o'clock instead of four hours later.

We pulled in to shore near Beaverpelt Lake for a good reason—fish. We set out in single file, Gilbert in the lead, Waldrop next and myself last. An outlet from Beaverpelt Lake poured into the Canoe River opposite our campground, and we headed up it. However, the outlet forked. One fork ran parallel with the Canoe and entered it far below. Slogging along behind Gilbert and Waldrop, I came to easier walking along this fork—not a trail, but a place where the brush had been pushed aside—and, thinking they were ahead of me, I followed it. In fact, I sometimes saw the brush ahead of me wave a little, and hurried to catch up, but I missed them. Instead, I came to a fast-flowing little creek. Now I knew it must be flowing away from the lake toward the river, so I was obviously going in the wrong direction. It is probably impossible to become lost in the Canoe River valley, since there are mountains on both sides, and if you head straight away from them you should come to the river. But the woods are so thick it is impossible to go straight toward anything.

Giving up any thought of finding the lake, I decided to follow the stream until it entered the river. I gradually be-

came aware of large scuffed places in the sand on the creek bank. They were about the size of dinner plates and about four inches deep. At one point, close to the stream, there was a slight seep of water into one of them. At such times as this, one becomes depressed by the banality of nature. It seems to be imitating innumerable lousy outdoor adventure stories. They were unquestionably the tracks of a gigantic grizzly. Obviously, while we were going up one outlet to Beaverpelt Lake, the grizzly was heading down the other outlet, and I had inadvertently switched downstream to follow him.

Not wishing to put another body beside that of the prominent man, I called on the deepest resources of my knowledge of woodcraft and charged upstream through the brush until I reached the point where we had left the canoes. There I found Gilbert and Waldrop preparing a tasty meal of powdered chili. We sat around the fire, the white light of the gasoline lantern forming a sort of protective shell against the night. The early starlight dimly outlined the shape of the mountains.

The conversation went as follows:
First voice: These dried foods aren't as dry as you soak them long enough.

Second voice: You can hardly taste the fisher glass.

The next morning was different. The river flowing green and blue in the cool air, a great blue heron flying low and unafraid overhead, the windless space of the mountains above the trees, the silence and motionless speed of the canoe, the spellbound air of the woods along the bank make a river seem part of a higher order of nature than the incoherent tangle of underbrush.

The approach to Yellowjacket Rapids was tranquil. Then the current ran a little faster, the canoe accelerated and the river narrowed until big cottonwoods nearly joined overhead. There was a turmoil of small waves, marbled with white lines, that seemed to promise real rapids ahead. But instead we washed into a placid blue expanse of water. That was all. That was Yellowjacket Rapids. Gilbert and Waldrop were enraged. They wanted real white water, some Wild West equivalent

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of the Cheat River or the Smokehole or the Savage or the Jackson, and they looked back on the rapids as if they had been defrauded.

The Canoe River should have been leaping over rocks, twisting between boulders and driving and probing with the limitless power of mountain streams. Instead it raced along quietly, the Rolls-Royce of rivers. The Canoe was never dull or stagnant or monotonous, and it had to be watched every foot of the way for a hundred miles, but it was not foaming and careening around its innumerable bends. Creeks that were really small rivers—about the size of the Canoe where we started from the bridge—entered it from the mountains, and there were usually rapids below each such junction. Bulldog Creek came from the east. It dropped 6,000 feet in 10 miles. The woods were filled with the high, ringing sound, almost metallic, of cascading water. A circular pool, a hundred yards across, formed where the creek joined the Canoe. Crossing the pool, we drifted slowly. Gilbert and Waldrop standing up in the canoes to ponder the current.

A rock wall, between a hundred and two hundred feet high, formed the west bank of the river. Here the river dropped 40 feet. We raced into crisscrossed chop and then into standing waves about three feet high. We kept to the east side of the river, away from the confused water at the base of the cliff. The river became very narrow, with the channel so close to the trees you could see drops from the spray glistening on the leaves. It was like coasting down a shaded drive in a park, except that the sunlight that shone through the trees was tinted by the water and had a vague submarine look. The sound of the rapids became an echoing roar. There were, strangely, no rocks or obstructions, and no violent maneuvers were necessary: the canoe alternately accelerated and then was checked as it bucked in the waves. Water shot over us in these, no longer as foam or spray but in bucketsful. The erratic rhythm of the waves gave a kind of lurching cadence to the run. The timing between splashes was never even—not a matter of one, two, three, *splash!* like a count in music, but an irregular

count, one and two and *splash!* and one and *splash! splash! splash!* and so on. Midway in the rapids there was a long, smoothly flowing, silent stretch. The water was still fast but the surface was unbroken. It was exhilarating—uncomplicated, fast, magical. As we raced along I could see grass and small trees, patterns of shadow and sunlight that somehow suggested French Impressionist painting. But that went by in a few moments, and we were in even faster water, with standing waves that were higher than those near the start of the rapids. A good deal of water came over the bow. The canoe was bucking, the bow going up and down. I tried digging the paddle deeper to see if it would be possible to get some leverage that would keep the bow higher, but we suddenly careened into smooth, dry water again before I had time to find out.

At a spot called Canoe Hotsprings I had, for the first time, a sense of the underwater future of this valley. It never seemed real before. Now I found myself thinking without difficulty that where we were now would soon be the bottom of the lake. High above, higher than the tops of the huge cedars, would be the surface. It could be imagined here—the water of the future, ruffled by the winds, or lying motionless and reflecting the mountains.

Gilbert discovered a trail leading back through the woods to a lake a mile from the river. He found it in the evening when we camped below Bulldog Rapids but lost it in the shadows. The trail led to an old cabin, bolted, locked, nailed shut, with hinged slabs fastened over the windows. Two hawthorn hushes eight or 10 feet high grew on a grass slope in front of the cabin. The weeds indicated no one had lived there for some time, certainly not this summer or the one before. Gilbert and Waldrop left me there and went back to the Canoe to bring back supplies for camp.

The cabin faced a lake half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. About a hundred feet from the cabin, and the same distance from the lake, water was boiling in a narrow, V-shaped ravine. Weeds grew higher than one's head. Vapors rose through the cedars in a wavering

continued

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CANOE RIVER *continued*

columns. A stream of hot water flowed toward the lake, sending up steam all along its course. Little logs lying in its channel looked as if they were cooking. Slow, languid bubbles rose to the surface and exploded. A hundred yards across the silky water sizable fish sometimes splashed. Except for an occasional keening when one cedar tree scraped against another if the wind caught it right, that was the only sound. The stillness was uncanny, the utter silence of a place where nothing ever happened and where nothing would ever happen. In spite of the cabin, the lake carried with it an untouched, unknown air. It was not difficult to think of it lying cold and quiet under a hundred feet of water.

Two camp robbers and a stellar jay suddenly flew silently to the hawthorn bushes. They were the most cautious camp robbers I ever saw. Some of these birds will come into a camp and take pancakes off a breakfast plate. The two now visiting us moved nervously around the hawthorn bushes, never still, and took nothing openly. The stellar jay, a magnificent bird, deep luminous purple, was plainly following the camp robbers, trying to emulate them, but was afraid, and constantly orbited at a greater distance, barely landing on a small cedar or a sapling and taking off again. No, it was not difficult to imagine the area under water, and fish moving around a submarine growth the way the birds moved around the trees.

Waldrop managed to get a raft of small poles wired together, and moved it with an improvised paddle out into the lake and out of sight beyond the reeds. I fished along the shore, catching only suicidal sardine-size minnows, and tried to get to the cold-water inlet at the opposite end of the lake but could not reach it through the marshy ground. When I got back to the cabin Gilbert was lying in the hot spring. There was a place where mossy logs ringed a pool about seven feet square, the hot water coming in through a hollow log at one end and spilling over the side to drop two feet to the lake. "This is the greatest place in the world," he said. He jumped from the hot water in the pool to the tepid water near the shore of the lake, then into cold water

continued

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farther from shore, and then dressed and went back to the campfire, where he was cooking some preparation of dried foods.

I climbed into the pool. The water was astonishingly buoyant, not quite hot, and with the mossy logs forming a headrest it was almost impossible not to doze or even to sleep there. I ran time to time a faint breeze reminded me of the freshness of the air. The sky, seen through the cedar boughs, was a picture-postcard blue. When I climbed out of the pool Waldrop was laboriously paddling the raft into shore. It was even harder to control than when he took it out, the poles spreading apart when he paddled. He reached shore and stood breathing heavily, pale and exhausted, like an actor after a triumphant opening night. "Well?" Gilbert said.

Waldrop spread the logs in front of the raft and pulled up a wire. That was why the raft was hard to handle: he had taken off the wires used to hold the poles together. He had used the wires to string five trout—a 16-inch rainbow, a Dolly Varden about the same size and three magnificent fish, nearly 18 inches, which we could not identify. They were brilliantly but delicately colored, with a distinct red band from head to tail down the sides, with the lower half, below the band, yellow that faded to white. They amounted to some 15 pounds of food.

Gilbert filleted a couple of big fish, cut them into chunks about three inches long, and dropped the chunks into a deep frying pan filled with Wesson oil. We piled our plates high with the chunks, salted them and stood around the fire eating. The sun went down and the air turned cold. Beaver appeared on the mirror-still water by the reeds. Gilbert took a flashlight and made his way to a point of land that projected into the reeds near the beaver houses. I washed the dishes in the hot spring—a humdrum use for a natural wonder.

The night grew very cold. In the brilliant moonlight the mountains took on a gemlike quality, a subdued old-rose and copper color. I found they were not to be looked at steadily; it was better to glance at them from time to time, and then look at the lake or the campfire or something ordinary and familiar.

continued



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CANOE RIVER *continued*

lar and less touched with enchantment.

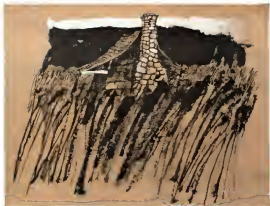
In the morning the water on the tin plates had frozen into paper-thin sheets. Locomotive clouds of steam were billowing from the hot spring, pumping and driving ceaselessly from the fog factory.

When we left our camp at the hot springs we drifted into a lagoonlike expanse of slow water, where the Canoe began mirroring ponderosa pines and white mountains which looked like a window display in a travel agency office. On the western side of the river an escarpment rose in a solid wall. A thousand-foot cascade fell over the cliff. Halfway down, the water struck a projection, and thinned into two falls—white, filmy and wavering, in the intense green forest.

Nearer the Columbia the snow mountains closed in on both sides of the river; the forests became darker and the air chill and changeable. Through the last mile below Dawson Creek the rapids were almost continuous. Every river has its own pattern, its own character, slow or fast or turbulent or reedy or wild or noisy, or with some other descriptive term applied to it by generations of fishermen and dwellers on its banks, and the Canoe River was friendly. It had become a big, powerful river, wild and remote, ceaselessly changing, but with a kind of tranquility, a busy harmlessness, in its

hurry. It should have had its share of poets and artists to celebrate it before it was destroyed.

We came out of the Canoe in the rainy twilight on our seventh day and were on the Columbia before we knew it. The current of the bigger river caught the canoe and shot it diagonally halfway across the river. It felt as if someone had grabbed the canoe under the water and thrown it like a javelin. Bill Gilbert said it was the first time in his experience that he felt he could see the current of a river like a hill in the middle of it. We pulled the canoes far up on the bank, shouldered our packs and walked two miles to the prefabricated comforts of Boat Encampment. Freshly cut cedar logs waiting to be hauled away were piled beside a muddy road. There was the sound of a pump, the hum of a gasoline-driven generator, the gleam of an unshaded yellow light bulb at the door of a work shed. Waldrop and Gilbert began singing *We Are Marching to Pictavia*. I stumbled along after them. For some reason, perhaps fatigue, I began thinking of *Finnegans Wake* and trying to remember the lines about the River Liffey: "Can't hear the waters of. The chattering waters of. . . I feel as old as yonder elm. . . Night now! . . . Beside the rivering waters of, the hitherand-thithering waters of, Night!" **END**





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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PAGE THE DIPPER

Sirs:

As an old Iowa fan who is now a student at the University of Illinois, I need a lot of prodding to feel sentimental about Notre Dame, but Dan Jenkins' article (*That Legend Is Loose Again*, Nov. 7), did it. His short history of Notre Dame tradition and his description of the present-day campus was a delight to read. The bit about Christ's raised arms indicating "six points" really got me. Though it pains me to admit it, modern college football seems to start and end at Notre Dame. Hezacheslike Parseghian and Ray, and players like Hamratty, Seymour, Liddy and Conjar, keep popping up in South Bend, it looks like Notre Dame's future will be at least as great as its past.

JILL MORRIS

Urbana, Ill.

Sirs:

Congratulations to Dan Jenkins on recapturing some of that elusive and long dormant Notre Damespirit. But why did Dan fail to give the figure of Christ in the huge mosaic on the library the salute by which He is best known to all students and alumni: "Touchdown Jesus!" Was he afraid of offending ND alumni?

JOHN B. POTTERS

Manhasset, N.Y.

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins has done a beautiful job. His story was a joy to read. Even those who are not, or were not, Notre Dame fans should have felt a slight tingle. Three cheers for the Notre Dame spirit and legend from a Notre Dame fan.

PAUL LOPEZ

Esplanade, N. Mex.

Sirs:

We note with interest that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is now a fiction magazine. Granted that Hamratty and Seymour are talented sophomores, don't you feel they're a bit untested to have them casting shadows as great as those from the Golden Dome?

Your Biblical prophet Ara Parseghian and his Irish will need all the touchdowns that Christ can signal when they enter Spartan Stadium November 19. There are 22 Spartans eager to prove this Notre Dame legend a myth. Any bets on the national champion?

DANIEL F. SPANGLER
CHRIS A. McALLI

East Lansing, Mich.

Sirs:

Your article has established the fact that Jim Seymour and Terry Hamratty are immortals. The gods of Olympus were im-

mortals, too. They were never defeated in battle, but they never fought the Spartans, either. I wish your legend good luck against MSU on November 19.

ROY M. DAVIS

East Lansing, Mich.

Sirs:

It is pleasant to read about a football team that dares more than wave a rebel flag, that doesn't boast about beating Louisiana Tech and that doesn't own a big-mouthed Bear.

DICK FLETCHER

Covington, Ky.

WANDERING JUE

Sirs:

In your scouting report on the Lakers (Oct. 24) in which you mentioned their move to Inglewood next year, you implied that Inglewood is the home of the topless pizza joints. As Assistant City Engineer for Inglewood and one who knows the precise location of the boundary line, I conducted a scouting trip of my own.

With a gluttonous appetite for pizzas as well as the finer points of life, I was motivated to visit all of the local topless joints in the interest of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Satiated with seven pizzas, a corned-beef sandwich and a Tootsie Roll, I eagerly report that all topless pizza joints, or topless joints of any kind in this district, are located outside the city limits of Inglewood. In fact, the most renowned one in the area is located in that shrinking Sports Capital of the West, the city of Los Angeles.

R. KENNEDY JR.

Inglewood, Calif.

POWL PLAY

Sirs:

My congratulations to Duncan Barnes and SI for the fine article on the ultimate dangers of feeding migrating ducks and geese (*Please Don't Feed the Waterfowl*, Oct. 31). I wonder if the U.S. hunters who strongly advocate baiting realize that, if it were legal to feed ducks in Canada and enough money were available, we could keep 75% of the ducks that now migrate to the southern U.S. right here in Canada all winter long. Then these so-called sportsmen might really have something to cry about.

I hunt along the St. Lawrence and on the inland lakes, and I believe that we in Canada have a good solution to feeding ducks. If the conservation officers or the Royal Canadian Mounted Police find that a bird has been baited, they post signs, and anyone caught shooting in these posted areas is given a heavy fine.

We Canadians are getting damn sick of

raising ducks only to have them slaughtered in those so-called private hunting clubs in the U.S.

NEIL MCCREARY

Grenatouque, Ont.

GROSSO INJUSTICE

Sirs:

Before Mark Mulvey's article (*The Off-court I Prior in Dixie*, Nov. 7) came out, I read numerous accounts of the Mike Groves-South Carolina situation in the Columbia, S.C. press. It still seems to me that if the Atlantic Coast Conference committee had issued a steadfast ruling on the young man's status as soon as possible after it became known that he was basketball material and a key to USC's basketball hopes, the awful situation that now exists could have been easily avoided.

As well as countless other South Carolina students and fans, feel that Groves has been (rapided the expression) grossly wronged by the lack of forethought and foresight on the committee's part.

HENRY S. RUSH JR.

Florence, S.C.

Sirs:

If Commissioner Weaver has concrete evidence on which he bases his decision regarding the eligibility of Mike Groves, he should let it be known to all. If he does not, I certainly hope that he is aware of the tremendous injustice he is dealing not only to Frank McGuire and the University of South Carolina, but even more to Michael Groves, whose future is at stake. Mike is the one who will bear the brunt of this decision.

I'd like to think that a commissioner of a conference as well known as the ACC would not let personal feelings toward someone else dictate a decision that might affect a young man's life and career.

JAMES P. HOBBS III

Columbia, S.C.

THRUST AND PARRY

Sirs:

As master of Parry Sound I feel obligated to write you to express my disappointment in Frank Deford's description of our town (*High Price for Fresh Northern Ice*, Oct. 17). He must have been here somewhere around 1850 A.D.

This is primarily a tourist town with all the beauty and sports that it is possible for nature to provide, and I am sure that not only we who live in Parry Sound, but the thousands of people who spend their vacations here will realize how ridiculous Mr. Deford's description is.

GEORGE SAND

Parry Sound, Ont.



WHEN MR. JACK started making his whiskey he called it by different names. Jack Daniel's was the one he finally settled on.

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19TH HOLE continued

Says:

"As one of the girls doomed to 'turn fat before they grow old' in this 'sad, friendly little place,' I hope that the future brings these of us on both sides of the border a better understanding of each other's country. I must confess that Canadians tend to regard Americans as somewhat arrogant egotists."

DONNA GRIPKOWITZ

Perry Sound, Ont.

DATES AND INDIFFERENCE

Says:

Perhaps I can explain the behavior of Dartmouth students at Harvard, which Crimson Quarterback Rick Zimmerman so disdainfully (*A Day to Live the Day*, Oct. 31). It is nothing but a reaction to the blasé, lack-of-spirit attitude of the Harvard men. Where else but at Harvard can you ask undergraduates what the quickest way to the stadium is and have them reply they don't know because they have never been to a game? Where else but at Harvard can the loser's postgame reunion draw more participants and spirit than the winner's? Where else, finally, but at Harvard can one of their own players be hurt and carried off the field on a stretcher to a standing ovation from the visitors' side and meek, sitting applause from the home side?

As for Zimmerman's remark that Dartmouth men act as if it's easy to steal the Harvard boys' dates, it is!

BILL MUTTERPURI

Haltover, N.H.

SHINNY AND SHANKS

Says:

I was glad to see that Dwight Eisenhower gives the grand old game of shinny some credit for developing his mean golf swing (*Profile*, Oct. 31). As the ex-President says, it was a crude form of field hockey played with a battered tin can and a crooked stick. In my day a good shinny stick was prized highly, and the best ones were made of hedge cuttings. Here in Kansas, where all the hedges were of Osage orange, we called it hedgeswood. The French trappers called it *bon d'arc*, because the Osage Indians made their bows of it. The best stick you could have was one with a knot at one end and a natural.

Shinny was a rough game. There was always the hazard of being hit by the jugged tin "puck," and, if you didn't shinny on your own side, an opponent was entitled to yell "Shank!" and rap you across the shins with his stick.

Thanks to Ike and to SI for awakening memories of some good shinny games played on the vacant lots of Topeka 55 to 60 years ago.

HAL EVANS

Larned, Kans.

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Warm Memories of Cold Fun

by DAVID FOLSTER

Like most Canadian towns, the small one in New Brunswick where I lived in the '40s always had a hockey team of some sort. These teams were not always paragons of skill, to be sure, but they all seemed possessed of the competitive zeal that so far the English language has failed to designate, but that the French call *élan*.

I am probably a bit off, too, because the town had a mixed population of French and English Canadians, and so did the hockey teams. And, anyway, it had to be the Gallie spirit, or something like it, that furnished the desire to play hockey in open-air rinks when the temperature was in the subzero region and the wind bit to the very marrow.

Our team was called the Imperials, and for my friends and me it was purely and simply the embodiment of truth and courage, strength and rectitude. We saw the games as nothing less than microcosmic struggles of good against evil.

This image was diminished not at all when one year, in the late '40s, the sportsmen who sponsored the team decided to strengthen it with imports from Ontario. Four of these players were brought in, and I remember them all—particularly Eddie Turner. Eddie was a Canadian Indian and the greatest hockey player I had ever seen.

But while Eddie was the principal object of our affection, we also had a lot left over for his teammates, and this we demonstrated whenever the Imperials played the team from Perth, N.B., 25 miles away. There was bitter rivalry between the teams, and you always counted on a rough game. We looked forward to these games with great relish.

One occasion was a midweek evening contest when I was 12 or 13. Now, midweek games were prohibitions for me, because my parents did not like to have me out on school nights. Therefore my usual tactic was to precede the games with a week-long campaign of best behavior, chores above and beyond the call, and hints. Usually it worked. But this time my father was having none of it. On the night of the game he refused my final

plea after dinner and left for a meeting uptown. I sulked away to my room.

I or the next hour I stewed and paced and brooded and watched the time get closer to the 8 o'clock opening face-off. A battle raged within me, and for a long time there was no decision. Finally, a few minutes before 8, the devil sneaked me past my mother and out the door.

I was barely a block from our house when a pair of headlights flashed into our street ahead of me. Intuitively I knew it was my father, and in a moment he was sternly peering out at me. Meekly I started toward the car.

Then a wave of irrationality struck. I straightened and began to stride—no, march—to the car, with trumpets blaring and drums rolling. I tore the door open and fairly shouted, "Well, whadda you want?"

My father apparently did not believe his ears. He looked straight at me and said nothing. I repeated my question with a slight quaver. Then he said, "O.K., my boy, if you want to go to the game I'll drive you. But we'll decide later who's still the boss."

At that my facade crumbled. If he had instructed me to stop the nonsense and get to hell in the car and come home, I'd have argued resolutely. But the awful way in which he threatened the future struck away my underpinnings, and I was reduced to a babble of apologies and pleas that I didn't want to see the game, that I was only kidding.

However, in a few silent moments I was deposited at the rink. I remember that we saw a thriller and that the Imperials won. But I also remember that I did not really enjoy it.

As I recall, though, the punishment was not overly severe, and that was probably because my parents understood how this hockey thing was with me. It would start about the middle of October, kindled by the coincidental ending of local baseball and the beginning of National Hockey League play in Toronto and Montreal, which we followed by radio.

My grade-school friends and I never missed the broadcasts, and so, soon after

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WARM MEMORIES

er they began each year, we would enact the following ritual in predictable sequence: a switch from cold to hot breakfast cereal followed two hours later by the box-top ordering of 8-in-10 glasses of Maple Leaf and Canadian players, the search for last year's hockey stick and a tennis ball to serve as a puck until the snow came. Then we would play pickup games on the frozen streets without skates, string, in the absence of a puck, a small block of wood or a shoe-polish tin. Finally, around December 1, the rink would be ready and we would begin real hockey in earnest.

My own hockey career was minusculely lackluster. However, it was not for lack of trying. I practiced with dedication and without regard for the weather which was, in fact, so cold on some days that my skate laces would freeze. But there were always several dozen boys who were simply better than me.

Nevertheless, I continued my endeavors until one afternoon when I was about 14. My school team was playing a big game, and in the first period I had taken several ice turns and had, I thought, acquitted myself quite respectably.

But now it was a period and a half later, and the coach had apparently forgotten me. Chagrined and growing desperate, with time running out, I decided the only way to get back on the ice was to appeal to his conscience—with some subtlety, of course. So I nudged in beside him and said in a half-sarcastic voice, "Is there any point in my staying out here in this cold any longer?"

I waited confidently for him to say, "Yeah, just a minute and we'll get you on." He never did.

A short time later I decided I would rather be a big-league baseball player anyway and tuned in to my uniform.

All these circumstances considered, it may seem strange when I say that I felt a definite twinge of nostalgic sadness a while back when I read in our hometown weekly that the town was consolidating building an outdoor arena to replace the open-air rink and that, some weeks later, I felt relief when the project was vetoed.

But I guess the intervening years have taken the chill out of my bones and blurred the unpleasantness, leaving me only with a fond memory of things like shoe-polish pucks and frozen laces, the Imperials, and the boyhood of which they were a distinct part.

END



When you lose a tug of war in Greece, you're really up a tree.

1 "It all happened in a small village fifteen miles outside of Athens," writes Philip Dondero, American friend of Canadian Club. "I was trying to find

an ancient temple when I came upon some peasants playing their kind of tug of war. As a former football player, I thought I'd give it the old college try.



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2 "We squared off—a big, burly Greek and myself. I pulled the rope taut just to let him know I was there. Then I really pulled hard. But budging him was like trying to budge a rhino.



3 "Then he began to pull. I fought back, tried to dig in, but just couldn't. Suddenly, my feet were off the ground—and he was still pulling away like a Greek fisherman hauling in a big one. All I could do was jump.



4 "Believe me, I was a very 'sore' loser. So I was mighty pleased when my companions invited me to a local *sevreska* for a drink of their favorite whisky and mine—Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—tonight.

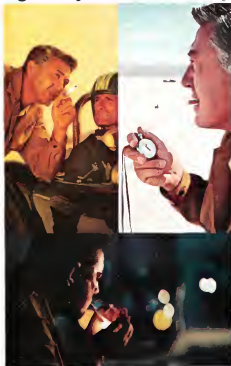


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